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"IN AMBUSH."

By Rudyard Kipling,

Author of "The Jungle Book," "The Seven Seas," "Captains Courageous," etc.

IN summer all right-minded boys built huts in the furze-hill behind the College—little lairs whittled out of the heart of the prickly bushes, full of stumps, odd root ends, and spikes, but, since they were strictly forbidden, palaces of delight. And for the fifth summer in succession, Stalky, McTurk, and Beetle (this was before they reached the dignity of a study) had built like beavers a place of retreat and meditation, where they smoked like Red Indians.

Now, there was nothing in their characters as known to Mr. Prout, their housemaster, which at all commanded respect, nor did Foxy, the subtle red-haired school sergeant, trust them. His business was to wear tennis-shoes, carry binoculars, and swoop down hawklike upon evil boys. Had he taken the field alone, that hut would have been raided, for Foxy knew the manners of his quarry; but Providence moved Mr. Prout, whose school-name, derived from the size of his feet, was Hoofer, to investigate on his own account; and it was the cautious Stalky who found the track of his pugs on the very floor of their lair one peaceful afternoon when Stalky would fain have forgotten Prout and his works in a volume of Surtees and a new briar-wood pipe. Crusoe, at sight of the footprint, did not act more swiftly than Stalky. He removed the pipes, swept up all loose match-ends, and, in his own expressive tongue, "jolly well cleared out," to warn Beetle and McTurk.

But it was characteristic of the boy that he did not approach his allies till he had met and conferred with little Hartopp, President of the Natural History Society, an institution which Stalky held in contempt. Hartopp was more than surprised when the boy meekly, as he knew how, begged to propose himself, Beetle, and McTurk as candidates; confessed a long-smothered interest in first-flowerings, early butterflies, and new arrivals, and volunteered, if Mr. Hartopp saw fit, to enter on the new life at once. Being a master, Hartopp was suspicious; but he was also an enthusiast, and his gentle little soul had been galled by chance-heard remarks from the three, and specially Beetle. So he was gracious to that repentant sinner, and entered the three names in his book.

Then, and not till then, did Stalky seek Beetle and McTurk in their house form-room. They were stowing away books for a quiet afternoon in the furze, which they called the "wuzzy."

"All up," said Stalky, serenely. "I spotted Heffy's fairy feet round our hut after dinner. Blessing they're so big."

"Con-found! Did you hide our pipes?" said Beetle.

"Oh, no. Left 'em in the middle of the hut, of course. What a blind ass you are, Beetle! D'you think nobody thinks but yourself? Well, we can't use the hut any more. Hoofer will be watchin' it."

"'Bother! Likewise blow!'" said McTurk, thoughtfully unpacking the volumes with which his chest was cased. The boys carried their libraries between their belt and their collar. "Nice job! Means we're under suspicion for the rest of the term."

"Why? All Heffy has found is *a* hut. He and Foxy will watch it. It's nothing to

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do with us; only we mustn't be seen that way for a bit."

"Yes, and where else are we to go?" said Beetle. "*You* chose that place, too —an'—an' I wanted to read this afternoon."

Stalky sat on a desk drumming his heels on the form.

"You're a despondin' brute, Beetle. Sometimes I think I shall have to drop you altogether. Did you ever know your Uncle Stalky forget you yet? *His rebus infectis* — after I'd seen Heffy's mantracks marchin' round our hut, I found little Hartopp — *destricto ense* — wavin' a butterfly-net. I conciliated Hartopp. Told him that you'd read papers to the Bug-hunters if he'd let you join, Beetle. Told him you liked butterflies, Turkey. Anyhow, I soothed the Hartoffles, and we're Bug-hunters now."

"What's the good of that?" said Beetle.

"Oh, Turkey, kick him, won't you?"

In the interests of science bounds were largely relaxed for the members of the Natural History Society. They could wander, if they kept clear of all houses, practically where they chose; Mr. Hartopp holding himself responsible for their good conduct.

Beetle began to see this as McTurk began the kicking.

"I'm an ass, Stalky!" he said, guarding the afflicted part. "*Pax*, Turkey, I'm an ass."

"Don't stop, Turkey. Isn't your Uncle Stalky a great man?"

"Great man," said Beetle.

"All the same Bug-huntin's a filthy business," said McTurk. "How the deuce does one begin?"

"This way," said Stalky, turning to some fags' lockers behind him. "Fags are dabs at Natural History. Here's young Braybrooke's botany-case." He flung out a tangle of decayed roots and adjusted the slide. "Gives one no end of a professional air, I think. Here's Clay Minor's geological hammer. Beetle can carry that. Turkey, you'd better covet a butterfly-net from somewhere."

"... *palaces of delight.*"

"I'm blowed if I do," said McTurk, simply, with immense feeling. "Beetle, give me the hammer."

"All right. *I'm* not proud. Chuck us down that net on top of the lockers, Stalky."

"That's all right. It's a collapsible jam-

". . . *Stalky led them at a smart trot, . . . crossing combe after gorzy combe.*"

boree, too. Beastly luxurious dogs these fags are. Built like a fishin' rod. 'Pon my sainted Sam, but we look the complete Bug-hunters! Now, listen to your Uncle Stalky! We're goin' along the cliffs after butterflies. Very few chaps come there. We're goin' to leg it, too. You'd better leave your books behind."

"Not much!" said Beetle, firmly. "I'm not goin' to be done out of my fun for a lot of filthy butterflies."

"Then you'll sweat horrid. You'd better carry my Jorrocks. 'Twon't make you any hotter."

They all sweated; for Stalky led them at a smart trot west away along the cliffs under the furze-hills, crossing combe after gorzy combe. They took no heed of flying rabbits or fluttering fritillaries, and all that Turkey said of geology was utterly unquotable.

"Are we going to Clovelly?" he puffed at last, and they flung themselves down on the short, springy turf between the drone of the sea below and the light summer wind among the inland trees. They were looking into a combe half full of old, high furze in gay bloom that ran up to a fringe of brambles and a dense wood of mixed timber and hollies. It was as though one-half the combe were filled with golden fire to the cliff's edge. The side nearest to them was open grass, but it fairly bristled with notice-boards.

"Fee-rocious old cove, this," said Stalky, reading the nearest. "'*Prosecuted with the utmost rigor of the law. G. M. Dabney, Col., J.P.,*' an' all the rest of it. Don't seem to me any chap in his senses would trespass here, does it?"

"Got to prove damage 'fore you can prosecute for anything! Can't prosecute for trespass," said McTurk, whose father held many acres in Ireland. "That's all rot!"

"Glad of that, 'cause this looks like what we wanted. Not straight across, Beetle, you blind lunatic! Anyone could spot us half a mile off. This way; and furl up your beastly butterfly-net."

Beetle disconnected the ring, thrust the net into a pocket, shut up the handle to a two-foot stave, and slid the cane-ring round his waist. Stalky led inland to the wood, which was, perhaps, a quarter of a mile from the sea, and reached the fringe of the brambles.

"*Now* we can get straight down through the furze, and never show up at all," said the tactician. "Beetle, go ahead and explore. Snf! Snf! Beastly stink of fox somewhere!"

On all fours, save when he clung to his spectacles, Beetle wormed into the gorse, and presently announced between grunts of pain that he had found a very fair fox-track. This was well for Beetle, since Stalky pinched him *a tergo*. Down that tunnel they crawled. It was evidently a highway for the inhabit-

ants of the combe; and, to their inexpressible joy, ended, at the very edge of the cliff, in a few square feet of dry turf walled and roofed with impenetrable gorse.

"By gum! There isn't a single thing to do except lie down," said Stalky, returning a knife to his pocket. "Golly! Look here!"

He parted the tough stems before him, and it was as a window opened on a far view of Lundy and the deep sea sluggishly nosing the pebbles a couple of hundred feet below. They could hear young jackdaws squawking on the ledges, the hiss and jabber of a nest of hawks somewhere out of sight; and, with great deliberation, Stalky spat on to the back of a young rabbit sunning himself far down where only a cliff-rabbit could have found room. Great grey and black gulls screamed against the jackdaws; the heavy-scented acres of bloom round them were alive with low-nesting birds, singing or silent as the shadow of the wheeling hawks passed and returned; and on the naked turf across the combe rabbits thumped and frolicked.

"... it fairly bristled with notice-boards."

"Whew! What a place! Talk of natural history; this is it," said Stalky, filling himself a pipe. "Isn't it scrumptious? Good old sea!" He spat again approvingly, and was silent.

McTurk and Beetle had taken out their books and were lying on their stomachs, chin in hand. The sea snored and gurgled; the birds, scattered for the moment by these new animals, returned to their businesses, and the boys read on in the rich, warm, sleepy silence.

"Hullo, here's a keeper," said Stalky, shutting "Handley Cross" cautiously, and peering through the jungle. A man with a gun appeared on the sky-line to the east. "Confound him, he's going to sit down."

"He'd swear we were poachin', too," said Beetle. "What's the good of pheasants' eggs? They're always addled, too."

"Might as well get up to the wood, *I* think," said Stalky. "Don't want G. M. Dabney, Col., J.P., to be bothered about us so soon. Up the wuzzy and keep quiet. He may have followed us, you know."

Beetle was already far up the tunnel. They heard him gasp indescribably: there was the crash of a heavy leaping through the furze.

"Aie! yeou little red rascal. I see yeou!" The keeper threw the gun to his shoulder, and fired both barrels in their direction. The pellets dusted the dry stems round them as a big fox plunged between Stalky's legs, and ran over the cliff-edge.

They said nothing till they reached the wood, torn, dishevelled, hot, but unseen.

"Narrow squeak," said Stalky. "I'll swear some of the pellets went through my hair."

"Did you see him?" said Beetle. "I almost put my hand on him. Wasn't he a wopper? Didn't he stink? Hullo, Turkey, what's the matter? Are you hit?"

McTurk's lean face had turned pearly white; his mouth, generally half open, was tight shut, and his eyes blazed. They had never seen him like this save once in a sad time of civil war.

"Do you know that that was just as bad as murder?" he said, in a grating voice, as he brushed prickles from his head.

"Well, he didn't hit us," said Stalky. "I think it was rather a lark. Here, where are you going?"

"I'm going up to the house, if there is one," said McTurk, pushing through the hollies. "I am going to tell this Colonel Dabney."

"Are you crazy? He'll swear it served us jolly well right. He'll report us. It'll be a public lickin'. Oh, Turkey, don't be an ass. Think of us!"

"You fool!" said McTurk, turning sav-

agely. "D'you suppose I'm thinkin' of *us*. It's the keeper."

"He's cracked," said Beetle, miserably, as they followed. Indeed, this was a new Turkey—a haughty, angular, nose-lifted Turkey—whom they accompanied through a shrubbery on to a lawn, where a white-whiskered old gentleman with a cleek was alternately putting and blaspheming vigorously.

"Are you Colonel Dabney?" McTurk began in this new creaking voice of his.

"I—I am, and—" his eyes traveled up and down the boy—"who—what the devil d'you want? Ye've been disturbing my pheasants. Don't attempt to deny it. Ye needn't laugh at it. (McTurk's not too lovely features had twisted themselves into a horrible sneer at the word pheasant.) You've been birds' nesting. You needn't hide your hat. I can see that you belong to the College. Don't attempt to deny it. Ye do! Your name and number at once, sir. Ye want to speak to me—Eh? You saw my notice-boards? Must have. Don't attempt to deny it. Ye did? Damnable, oh damnable!"

He choked with emotion. McTurk's heel tapped the lawn and he stuttered a little—two sure signs that he was losing his temper. But why should he, the offender, be angry?

"Lo-look here, sir. Do—do you shoot foxes? Because, if you don't, your keeper does. We've seen him! I do-don't care what you call us—but it's an awful thing. It's the ruin of good feelin' among neighbors. A ma-man ought to say once and for all how he stands about preservin'. It's worse than murder, because there's no legal remedy." McTurk was quoting confusedly from his father, while the old gentleman made noises in his throat.

"A man with a gun."

"Do you know who I am?" he gurgled at last; Stalky and Beetle quaking.

"No, sorr, nor do I care if ye belonged to the Castle itself. Answer me now, as one gentleman to another. Do ye shoot foxes or do ye not?"

And four years ago Stalky and Beetle had carefully kicked McTurk out of his Irish dialect! Assuredly he had gone mad or taken a sunstroke, and as assuredly he would be slain—once by the old gentleman and once by the Head. A public licking for the three was the least they could expect. Yet—if their eyes and ears were to be trusted—the old gentleman had collapsed. It might be a lull before the storm, but——

"I do not." He was still gurgling.

"Then you must sack your keeper, sorr. He's not fit to live in the same county with a God-fearin' fox. An' a vixen, too—at this time o' year!"

"Did ye come up on purpose to tell me this?"

"Of course I did, ye silly man," with a stamp of the foot. "Would you not have done as much for me if you'd seen that thing happen on my land, now?"

(Forgotten—forgotten was the College and the decency due to elders. McTurk was treading again the barren purple mountains of the rainy West coast, where in his holidays he was viceroy of four thousand naked acres, only son of a three-hundred year old house, lord of a crazy fishing-boat, and the idol of his father's shiftless tenantry. It was the landed man speaking to his equal—deep calling to deep—and the old gentleman acknowledged the cry.)

"I apologize," said he. "I apologize unreservedly—to you, and to the old sod. Now, will you be good enough to tell me your story?"

"We were in your combe," McTurk began, and he told his tale alternately as a schoolboy, and, when the iniquity of the thing overcame him, as an indignant squire; concluding: "So you see he must be in the habit of it. I—we—one never wants to accuse a neighbor's man, sorr; but I took the liberty in this case——"

"I see. Quite so. For a reason ye had. Infamous—oh, infamous!" The two had fallen into step beside each other on the lawn, and Colonel Dabney was talking as one man to another. "This comes of promoting a fisherman—a fisherman—from his lobster-pots. It's enough to ruin the reputation of an archangel. Don't attempt to deny it. It is! Your father has brought you up well. He has! I'd much like the pleasure of his acquaintance. Very much, indeed. And these young gentlemen? English they are. Don't attempt to deny it. They came up with you, too? Extraordinary! Extraordinary, now! In the present state of education I shouldn't have thought any three boys would be well enough grounded. . . . But out of the mouths of—— No—no. Not that by any odds. Don't attempt to deny it. Ye're not! Sherry always catches me under the liver, but—beer, now? Eh? What d'you say to beer, and something to eat? It's long since I was a boy—abominable nuisances; but exceptions prove the rule. And a vixen, too!"

They were fed on the terrace by a gray-haired housekeeper. Stalky and Beetle merely ate, but McTurk with bright eyes continued a free and lofty discourse; and ever the old gentleman treated him as a brother.

"My dear man, of *course* ye can come again. Did I not say exceptions prove the rule? The lower combe? Man, dear, anywhere ye please, so long as you do not disturb my pheasants. The two are not incompatible. Don't attempt to deny it. They're not! I'll never allow another gun, though. Come and go as ye please; I'll not see you, and ye needn't see me. Ye've been well brought up. Another glass of beer, now? I tell you a fisherman he was and a fisherman he shall be to-night again. He shall! Wish I could drown him. I'll convoy you to the Lodge. My people are not precisely—ah—broke to boy, but they'll know *you* again."

He dismissed them with many compliments by the high Lodge-gate in the split-oak park palings and they stood still—even Stalky, who had played second, not to say a dumb, fiddle—regarding McTurk as one from another world. The two glasses of strong home-brewed had brought a melancholy upon the boy, for, slowly strolling with his hands in his pockets, he crooned:—"Oh, Paddy dear, and did ye hear the news that's goin' round?"

Under other circumstances Stalky and Beetle would have fallen upon him, for that song was barred utterly—anathema—the sin of witchcraft. But, seeing what he had wrought, they danced round him in silence, waiting till it pleased him to touch earth.

The tea-bell rang when they were still half a mile from College. McTurk shivered and came out of dreams. The glory of his holiday estate had left him. He was a Colleger of the College, speaking English once more.

"Turkey, it was immense!" said Stalky, generously. "I didn't know you had it in you. You've got us a hut for the rest of the term, where we simply *can't* be collared. Fids! Fids! Oh, Fids! I gloat! Hear me gloat!"

They spun wildly on their heels, jodeling after the accepted manner of a "gloat," which is not unremotely allied to the primitive man's song of triumph, and dropped down the hill by the path from the gasometer just in time to meet their house-master, who had spent the afternoon watching their abandoned hut in the "wuzzy."

Unluckily, all Mr. Prout's imagination leaned to the darker side of life, and he looked on those young-eyed cherubims most sourly. Boys that he understood attended house-matches and could be accounted for at any moment. But he had heard McTurk openly deride cricket—even house-matches; Beetle's views on the honor of the house he knew were incendiary; and he could never tell when the soft and smiling Stalky was laughing at him. Consequently—since human nature is what it is—those boys had been doing wrong somewhere. He hoped it was nothing very serious, but . . . .

"*Ti-ra-la-la-i-tu!* I gloat! Hear me!" Stalky, still on his heels, whirled like a dancing dervish to the dining-hall.

"*Ti-ra-la-la-i-tu!* I gloat! Hear me!" Beetle spun behind him with outstretched arms.

"*Ti-ra-la-la-i-tu!* I gloat! Hear me!" McTurk's voice cracked.

Now was there or was there not a distinct flavor of beer as they shot past Mr. Prout?

He was unlucky in that his conscience as a house-master impelled him to consult his associates. Had he taken his pipe and his troubles to Little Hartopp's rooms he would,

"The keeper . . . fired both barrels in their direction."

perhaps, have been saved confusion, for Hartopp believed in boys, and knew something about them. His fate led him to King, a fellow house-master, no friend of his, but a zealous hater of Stalky and Co.

"Ah-haa!" said King, rubbing his hands when the tale was told. "Curious! Now *my* house never dream of doing these things."

"But you see I've no proof, exactly."

"Proof? With the egregious Beetle! As if one wanted it! I suppose it is not impossible for the Sergeant to supply it? Foxy is considered at least a match for any evasive boy in *ours*. Of course they were smoking and drinking somewhere. That type of boy always does. They think it manly."

"But they've no following in the school. They are distinctly—er—brutal to their juniors," said Prout, who had from a distance seen Beetle return, with interest, his butterfly-net to a tearful fag.

"Ah! They consider themselves superior to ordinary delights. Self-sufficient little animals! There's something in McTurk's Hibernian sneer that would make *me* a little annoyed. And they are so careful to avoid all overt acts, too. It's sheer calculated insolence. I am strongly opposed, as you know, to interfering with another man's house; but they need a lesson, Prout. They need a sharp lesson, if only to bring down their overweening self-conceit. Were I you, I should devote myself for a week to their little performances. Boys of that order—and I may flatter myself, but I think I know boys—don't join the Bug-hunters for love. Tell the Sergeant to keep his eye open; and, of course, in my peregrinations I may casually keep mine open, too."

"*Ti-ra-la-la-i-tu!* I gloat! Hear me!" far down the corridor.

"Disgusting!" said King. "Where do they pick up these obscene noises? One sharp lesson is what they want."

The boys did not concern themselves with lessons for the next few days. They had all Colonel Dabney's estate to play with, and they explored it with the stealth of Red Indians and the accuracy of burglars. They could enter either by the Lodge-gates on the

upper road—they were careful to ingratiate themselves with the Lodge-keeper and his wife—drop down into the combe, and return along the cliffs; or they could begin at the combe, and climb up into the road.

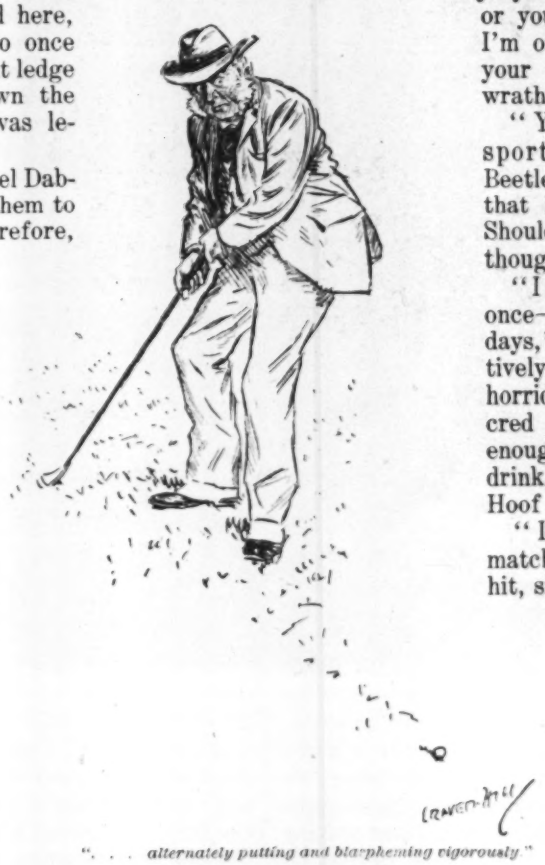
They were careful not to cross the Colonel's path—he had served his turn, and they would not outwear their welcome—nor did they show up on the sky-line when they could move in cover. The shelter of the gorze by the cliff edge was their chosen retreat. Beetle christened it the Pleasant Isle of Aves, for the peace and the shelter of it; and here, the pipes and tobacco once cachéd in a convenient ledge an arm's length down the cliff, their position was legally unassailable.

For, observe, Colonel Dabney had not invited them to enter his house. Therefore, they did not need to ask specific leave to go visiting, and school rules were strict on that point. He had merely thrown open his grounds to them; and, since they were lawful Bug-hunters, their extended bounds ran up to his notice-boards in the combe and his Lodge-gates on the hill.

They were amazed at their own virtue.

"And even if it wasn't," said Stalky, flat on his back, staring into the blue. "Even suppose we were miles out of bounds, no one could get at us through this wuzzy, unless he knew the tunnel. Isn't this better than lyin' up just behind the Coll—in a blue funk every time we had a smoke? Isn't your Uncle Stalky——?"

"No," said Beetle—he was stretched at the edge of the cliff spitting thoughtfully. "We've got to thank Turkey for this. Turkey is the Great Man. Turkey, dear, you're distressing Heffles."



"... alternately putting and blaspheming vigorously."

"Gloomy old ass!" said McTurk, deep in a book.

"They've got us under suspicion," said Stalky. "Hoophats *is* so suspicious somehow; and Foxy always makes every stalk he does a sort of—sort of——"

"Scalp," said Beetle. "Foxy's a regular Chingangook."

"Poor Foxy," said Stalky. "He's goin' to catch us one of these days. Said to me in the Gym last night, 'I've got my eye on you, Mister Corkran. I'm only warning you for your good.' Then I said: 'Well, you jolly well take it off again, or you'll get into trouble. I'm only warnin' you for your good.' Foxy was wrath."

"Yes, but it's only fair sport for Foxy," said Beetle. "It's Hefflelinga that has the evil mind. Shouldn't wonder if he thought we got tight."

"I never got squiffy but once—that was in the holidays," said Stalky, reflectively; "an' it made me horrid sick. 'Pon my sacred Sam, though, it's enough to drive a man to drink, havin' an animal like Hoof for house-master."

"If we attended the matches an' yelled, 'Well hit, sir,' an' stood on one leg an' grinned every time Heffy said, 'So ho, my sons. Is it thus?' an' said, 'Yes, sir,' an' 'No, sir,' an' 'O, sir,' an' 'Please, sir,' like a lot o' filthy fa-ags, Heffy 'ud think no end of us," said McTurk with a sneer.

"Too late to begin that."

"It's all right. The Hefflelinga means well. *But* he is an ass. *And* we show him that we think he's an ass. An' *so* Heffy don't love us. Told me last night after prayers that he was *in loco parentis*," Beetle grunted.

"The deuce he did!" cried Stalky. "That means he's maturin' something unusual dam' mean. Last time he told me

"They were fed on the terrace by a gray-haired housekeeper."

that he gave me three hundred lines for dancin' the cachuca in No. 10 dormitory. *Loco parentis*, by gum! But what's the odds as long as you're 'appy? *We're* all right."

They were, and their very rightness puzzled Prout, King, and the Sergeant. Boys with bad consciences show it. They slink out past the Fives Court in haste, and smile nervously when questioned. They return, disordered, in bare time to save a call-over. They nod and wink and giggle one to the other, scattering at the approach of a master. But Stalky and his allies had long outlived these manifestations of youth. They strolled forth unconcernedly, and returned in excellent shape after a light refreshment of strawberries and cream at the Lodge.

The Lodge-keeper had been promoted to keeper, *vice* the murderous fisherman; and his wife made much of the boys. The man, too, gave them a squirrel, which they presented to the Natural History Society; thereby, checkmating little Hartopp, who wished to know what they were doing for Science. Foxy faithfully worked some deep Devon lanes behind a lonely cross-roads inn; and it was curious that Prout and King, members of Common-room seldom friendly, walked together in the same direction—that is to say, northeast. Now, Aves lay southwest.

"They're deep—day-vilish deep," said Stalky. "Why are they drawin' those covers?"

"Me," said Beetle sweetly. "I asked Foxy if he had ever tasted the beer there. That was enough for Foxy, and it cheered him up a little. He and Heffy were sniffin'

round our old hut so long I thought they'd like a change."

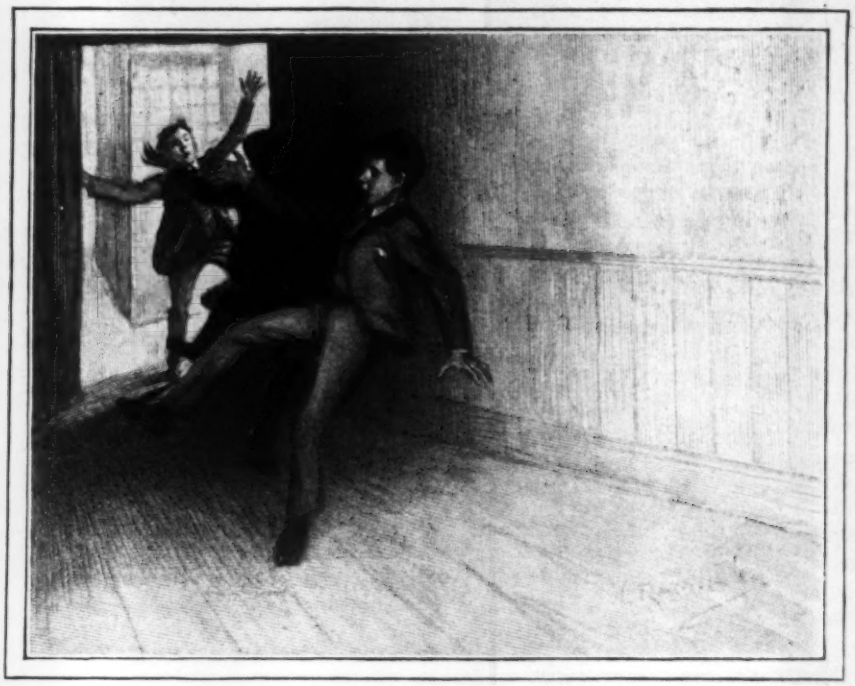
"Well, it can't last for ever," said Stalky. "Heffy's bankin' up like a thunder-cloud, an' King goes rubbin' his beastly hands, an' grinnin' like a hyena. It's shockin' demoralizin' for King. He'll burst some day."

That day came a little sooner than they expected—came when the Sergeant, whose duty it was to collect defaulters, did not attend an afternoon call-over.

"You see!" said Stalky, when they were out of ear-shot. "He *can't* keep a secret. He's followin' to cut off our line of retreat. He'll wait at the baths till Heffy comes along. They've tried every blessed place except along the cliffs, and they think they've bottled us. No need to hurry."

They walked leisurely over the combes till they reached the line of notice-boards.

"Listen a shake. Foxy's up wind comin' down hill like beans. When you hear him move in the bushes, go straight across to



"Ti-ra-la-la-i-tu! I gloat! Hear me!"

"Tired of pubs, eh? He's gone up to the top of hill with his binos to spot us," said Stalky. "Wonder he didn't think of that before. Did you see old Heffy cock his eye at us when we answered our names? Heffy's in it, too. *Ti-ra-la-la-i-tu!* I gloat! Hear me! Come on!"

"Aves?" said Beetle.

"Of course, but I'm not smokin' *aujourd-hui*. *Parce que je* jolly well *pense* that we'll be followed. We'll go along the cliffs, slow, an' give Foxy lots of time to parallel us up above."

They strolled towards the swimming-baths, and presently overtook King.

"Oh, don't let *me* interrupt you," he said. "Engaged in scientific pursuits, of course? I trust you will enjoy yourselves, my young friends."

Aves. They want to catch us *flagrante delicto*."

They dived into the gorse at right angles to the tunnel, openly crossing the grass, and lay still in Aves.

"What did I tell you?" Stalky carefully put away the pipes and tobacco. The Sergeant, out of breath, was leaning against the fence raking the furze with his binoculars, but he might as well have tried to see through a sand-bag. Anon, Prout and King appeared behind him. They conferred.

"Aha! Foxy don't like the notice-boards, and he don't like the prickles either. Now we'll cut up the tunnel and go to the Lodge. Hullo! They've sent Foxy into cover."

The Sergeant was waist-deep in crackling, swaying furze, his ears filled with the noise of his own progress. The boys reached the

shelter of the wood and looked down through a belt of hollies.

"Hellish noise!" said Stalky, critically. "Don't think Colonel Dabney will like it. I move we go into the Lodge and get something to eat. We must see the fun out."

Suddenly the keeper passed them at a trot.

"Who'm they to combe-bottom for Lord's sake? Master'll be crazy," he said.

"Poachers simply," Stalky replied in the broad Devon that was the boy's *langue de guerre*.

"I'll poach 'em to rights!" He dropped into the funnel-like combe, which presently began to fill with noises, notably King's voice crying: "Go on, Sergeant! Leave him alone, you, sir. He is executing *my* orders."

"Who'm yeou to give arders here, gingy whiskers! Yeou come up to the master. Come out o' that wuzzy! [This is to the Sergeant.] Yiss, I reckon us knows the boys yeou 'm after. They've tu long ears an' vuzzy bellies, an' you nippies they in yeour pockets when they'm dead. Come up to master! He'll boy yeou all you'm a mind to. Yeou other folk bide your side fence."

"Explain to the proprietor. You can explain, Sergeant," shouted King. Evidently the Sergeant had surrendered to the major force.

"*The Pleasant Isle of Aves.*"

Beetle lay at full length on the turf behind the Lodge literally biting the earth in spasms of joy.

Stalky kicked him upright. There was nothing of levity about Stalky or McTurk save a stray muscle twitching on the cheek.

They tapped at the Lodge door, where they were always welcome.

"Come yeou right in an' set down, my little dearrs," said the woman. "They'll niver touch my man. He'll poach 'em to rights. Iss fai! Fresh berries an' cream. Us Dartymoor folk niver forgit their friends. But them Bidevor poachers, they've no hem to their garments. Sugar? My man he've digged a badger for yeou, my dearrs. 'Tis in the linhay in a box."

"Us'll take un with us when we'm finished here. I reckon yeou'm busy. We'll bide here an'—'tis washin' day with yeou, simly," said Stalky. "*We'm* no company to make all vitty for. Never yeou mind us. Yiss. There's plenty cream."

The woman withdrew, wiping her pink hands on her apron, and left them in the parlor. There was a scuffle of feet on the gravel outside the heavily-leaded diamond panes, and then the voice of Colonel Dabney, something clearer than a bugle.

"Ye can read? You've eyes in your head? Don't attempt to deny it. Ye have!"

Beetle snatched a crotchet-work antimacassar from the shiny horsehair sofa, stuffed it into his mouth, and rolled out of sight.

"You saw my notice-boards. Your duty? Curse your impudence, sir. Your duty was to keep off my grounds. Talk of duty to *me!*

"Foxy faithfully worked some deep Devon lanes."

Why—why—why, ye misbegotten poacher, ye'll be teaching me my A B C next! Roarin' like a bull in the bushes down there! Boys? Boys? Boys? Keep your boys at home, then! *I'm* not responsible for your boys! But I don't believe it—I don't believe a word of it. Ye've a furtive look in your eye—a furtive, sneakin', poachin' look in your eye, that 'ud ruin the reputation of an archangel! Don't attempt to deny it! Ye have! A sergeant? More shame to you, then, an' the worst bargain Her Majesty ever made! A sergeant, to run about the country poachin'—on your pension! Damnable! Oh, damnable! But I'll be considerate. I'll be merciful. By gad, I'll be the very essence o' humanity! Did ye, or did ye not, see my notice-boards? Don't attempt to deny it! Ye did. Silence, Sergeant!"

Twenty-one years in the army had left their mark on Foxy. He obeyed.

"Now. March!"

The high Lodge-gate shut with a clang. "My duty! A sergeant to tell me my duty!" puffed Colonel Dabney. "Good Lard! more sergeants!"

"It's King! It's King!" gulped Stalky, his head on the horsehair pillow. McTurk was eating the rag-carpet before the speckless hearth, and the sofa heaved to the emotions of Beetle. Through the thick glass the figures without showed blue, distorted, and menacing.

"I—I protest against this outrage." King had evidently been running up hill. "The man was entirely within his duty. Let—let me give you my card."

"He's in flannels!" Stalky buried his head again.

"Unfortunately—*most* unfortunately—I have not one with me, but my name is King, sir, a house-master of the College, and you will find me prepared—fully prepared—to answer for this man's action. We've seen three——"

"*Did* ye see my notice-boards?"

"I admit we did, but under the circumstances——"

"I stand in *loco parentis*." Prout's deep voice was added to the discussion. They could hear him pant.

"F'what?" Colonel Dabney was growing more and more Irish.

"I'm responsible for the boys under my charge."

"Ye are, are ye? Then all I can say is that ye set them a very bad example—a damn bad example, if I may say so. I do not own your boys. I've not seen your boys, an' I tell you that if there was a boy grinnin' in every bush on the place *still* ye've no shadow of a right here, comin' up from the combe that way, an' frightening' everything in it. Don't attempt to deny it. Ye did. Ye should have come to the Lodge an' seen me like Christians, instead of chasin' your damn boys through the length and breadth of my covers. In *loco parentis* ye are? Well, I've not forgotten *my* Latin either, an' I'll say to you: '*Quis custodiet ipsos custodes.*' If the masters trespass, how can we blame the boys?"

"But if I could speak to you privately," said Prout.

"I'll have nothing private with you! Ye can be as private as ye please on the other side o' that gate an'—I wish ye a very good afternoon."

A second time the gate clanged. They waited till Colonel Dabney had returned to the house, and fell into one another's arms, crowing for breath.

"Oh, my Soul! Oh, my King! Oh, my Heffy! Oh, my Foxy! Zeal, all zeal, Mr. Simple." Stalky wiped his eyes. "Oh!

Oh! Oh!—I *did* boil the exciseman! We must get out of this or we'll be late for tea."

"Ge—ge—get the badger and make little Hartopp happy. Ma—ma—make 'em all happy," sobbed McTurk, groping for the door and kicking the prostrate Beetle before him.

They found the beast in an evil-smelling box, left two half-crowns for payment, and staggered home. Only the badger grunted most marvelous like Colonel Dabney, and they dropped him twice or thrice with shrieks of helpless laughter. They were but imperfectly recovered when Foxy met them by the Fives Court with word that they were to go up to their dormitory and wait till sent for.

"Well, take this box to Mr. Hartopp's rooms, then. We've done something for the Natural History Society, at any rate," said Beetle.

"'Fraid that won't save you, young gen'elmen," Foxy answered, in an awful voice. He was sorely ruffled in his mind.

"All right, Foxibus." Stalky had reached the extreme stage of hiccups. "We—we'll never desert you, Foxy. Hounds choppin' foxes in cover is more a proof of vice, ain't it. . . . No, you're right, I'm—I'm not quite well."

"They've gone a bit too far this time," Foxy thought to himself. "Very far gone, *I'd* say, excep' there was no smell of liquor. An' yet it isn't like' em—somehow. King and Prout they 'ad their dressin'-down same as me. That's one comfort."

"Now, we *must* pull up," said Stalky, rising from the bed on which he had thrown himself. "We're injured innocence—as usual. *We* don't know what we've been sent up here for, do we?"

"No explanation. Deprived of tea. Public disgrace before the house," said McTurk, whose eyes were running over. "It's dam' serious."

"Well, hold on, till King loses his temper," said Beetle. "He's a libelous old rip, an' he'll be in a ravin' paddy-wack. Prout's too beastly cautious. Keep your eye on King, and, if he gives us a chance, appeal to the Head. That always makes 'em sick."

They were summoned to their house-master's study, King and Foxy supporting Prout, and Foxy had three canes under his arm. King leered triumphantly, for there were tears, undried tears, of mirth on the boy's cheeks. Then the examination began.

Yes, they had walked along the cliffs. Yes, they had entered Colonel Dabney's grounds. Yes, they had seen the notice-boards (at this point Beetle sputtered hysterically). For what purpose had they entered Colonel Dabney's grounds? "Well, sir, there was a badger."

"Come out o' that wuzzy!"

Here King, who loathed the Natural History Society because he did not like Hartopp, could no longer be restrained. He begged them not to add mendacity to open insolence. But the badger was in Mr. Hartopp's rooms, sir. The Sergeant had kindly taken it up for them. That disposed of the badger, and

the temporary check brought King's temper to boiling-point. They could hear his foot on the floor while Prout prepared his lumbering inquiries. They had settled into their stride now. Their eyes ceased to sparkle; their faces were blank; their hands hung beside them without a twitch. They were learning, at the expense of a fellow-countryman, the lesson of their race, which is, to put away all emotion, and entrap the alien at the proper time.

So far good. King was importing himself more freely into the trial; being vengeful where Prout was grieved. They knew the penalties of trespassing? With a fine show of irresolution, Stalky admitted that he had gathered some information vaguely bearing on this head, but he thought— The sentence was dragged out to the uttermost. Stalky did not wish to play his trump with such an opponent. Mr. King desired no buts, nor was he interested in Stalky's evasions. They, on the other hand, might be interested in his poor views. Boys who crept, who sneaked, who lurked out of bounds, even the generous bounds of the Natural History Society, which they had falsely joined as a cloak for their misdeeds, their vices, their villainies, their immoralities—

"Come yeou right in an' set down."

"He'll break cover in a minute," said Stalky to himself. "Then we'll run into him before he gets away."

Such boys, scabrous boys, moral lepers—the current of his words was carrying King off his feet—evil-speakers, liars, slow-bellies—yea, incipient drunkards. . . .

He was merely working up to a peroration, and the boys knew it, but McTurk cut through the frothing sentence, the others echoing:

"I appeal to the Head, sir."

"I appeal to the Head, sir."

"I appeal to the Head, sir."

It was their unquestioned right. Drunkenness meant expulsion after a public flogging. They had been accused of it. The case was the Head's, and the Head's alone.

"Thou hast appealed unto Cæsar: unto Cæsar shalt thou go." They had heard that sentence once or twice before in their careers. "None the less," said King, uneasily, "you would be better advised to abide by our decision, my young friends."

"Are we allowed to associate with the rest of the school till we see the Head, sir?" said McTurk to his house-master; disregarding King. This lifted the situation to its loftiest plane. Also it meant no work, for moral leprosy was strictly quarantined, and the Head never executed judgment till twenty-four cool hours later.

"Well—er—if you persist in your defiant attitude," said King, with a loving look at the canes under Foxy's arm. "There is no alternative."

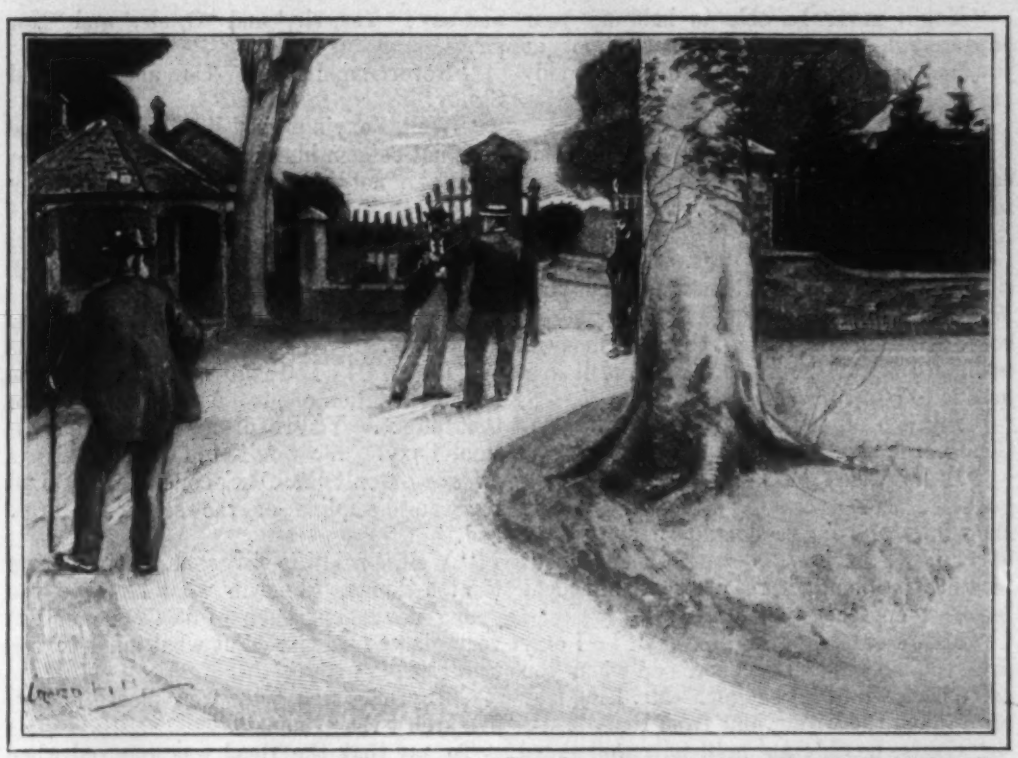
Ten minutes later the news was over the whole school. Stalky and Co. had fallen at last—fallen by drink. They had been drinking. They had returned blind-drunk from a hut. They were even now lying hopelessly intoxicated on the dormitory floor. A few bold spirits crept up to look, and received boots about the head from the criminals.

"We've got him—got him on the Caudine toasting-fork!" said Stalky, after those hints were taken. "King'll have to prove his charges up to the giddy hilt."

"Too much ticklee, him bust," Beetle quoted from one of his books. "Didn't I say he'd go pop if we lat un laid?"

"No prep, either, O ye incipient drunkards," said McTurk, "and it's trig night, too. Hullo! Here's our dear friend, Foxy. More tortures, Foxibus?"

"I've brought you something to eat, young gentlemen," said the Sergeant from behind a crowded tea-tray. Their wars had ever been waged without malice, and a suspicion floated in Foxy's mind that boys who allowed themselves to be tracked so easily



" Ye can be as private as ye please on the other side o' that gate."

might, perhaps, hold something in reserve. Foxy had served through the Mutiny, when early and accurate information was worth much.

" I—I noticed you 'adn't 'ad anything to eat, an' I spoke to Gumbly, an' he said you wasn't exactly cut off from supplies. So I brought up this. It's your potted 'am tin, ain't it, Mr. Corkran?"

" Why, Foxibus, you're a brick," said Stalky. " I didn't think you had this much —what's the word, Beetle?"

" Bowels," Beetle replied, promptly. " Thank you, Sergeant. That's young Carter's potted ham, though."

" There was a C on it. I thought it was Mr. Corkran's——. It's—it's a very serious business, young gentlemen. That's what it is. I didn't know, perhaps, but there might be something on your side which you hadn't said to Mr. King or Mr. Prout, maybe."

" There is. Heaps, Foxibus." This from Stalky through a full mouth.

" Then you see, if that was the case, it seemed to me I might represent it, quiet so to say, to the 'Ead when he asks me about it. I've got to take 'im the charges tonight, an'—it looks bad on the face of it."

" 'Trocious bad, Foxy. Twenty-seven cuts in the Gym before all the school and public expulsion. ' Wine is a mocker, strong drink is ragin',' " quoth Beetle.

" It's nothin' to make fun of, young gentlemen. I 'ave to go to the 'Ead with the charges. An'—an' you mayn't be aware, per'aps, that I was followin' you this afternoon, havin' my suspicions."

" Did ye see the notice-boards?" croaked McTurk, in the very brogue of Colonel Dabney.

" Ye've eyes in your head. Don't attempt to deny it. Ye did!" said Beetle.

" A sergeant! To run about poachin'—on your pension! Damnable, O damnable!" said Stalky, without pity.

" Good Lord!" said the Sergeant, sitting heavily upon a bed. " Where—where the devil *was* you? I might ha' known it was a do—somewhere."

" Oh, you clever maniac!" Stalky resumed. " We mayn't be aware you were followin' us this afternoon, mayn't we? Thought you were stalkin' us, eh? Why, we led you bung into it, of course. Colonel Dabney—don't you think he's a nice man, Foxy?—Colonel Dabney's our pet particular friend. We've been goin' there for weeks and weeks. He invited us. You and your duty! Curse your duty, sir! Your duty was to keep off his covers."

"You'll never be able to hold up your head again, Foxy. The fags 'll hoot at you," said Beetle. "Think of your giddy prestige!"

The Sergeant was thinking—hard.

"Look 'ere, young gentlemen," he said, earnestly. "You aren't surely ever goin' to tell, are you? Wasn't Mr. Prout and Mr. King in—in it too?"

"Foxibusculus, they *was*. They was—singular horrid. Caught it worse than you. We heard every word of it. *You* got off easy, considerin'. If I'd been Dabney I swear I'd ha' quodded you. I think I'll suggest it to him to-morrow."

"An' it's all goin' up to the 'Ead. Oh, Good Lord!"

"Every giddy word of it, my Chingangook," said Beetle, dancing. "Why shouldn't it? *We've* done nothing wrong. *We* ain't poachers. *We* didn't cut about blastin' the characters of poor, innocent boys—saying they were drunk."

"That I didn't," said Foxy. "I—I only said you be'aved uncommon odd when you come back with that badger. Mr. King may have taken the wrong hint from that."

"Course he did; an' he'll jolly well shove all the blame on you when he finds out he's wrong. *We* know King, if you don't. I'm ashamed of you. You ain't fit to be a sergeant," said McTurk.

"Not with three thorough-goin' young devils like you, I ain't. I've been had. I've been ambuscaded. Horse, foot, an' guns, I've been had, an'—an' there'll be no holdin' the junior forms after this. M'rover, the 'Ead will send me with a note to Colonel Dabney to ask if what you say about bein' invited was true."

"Then you'd better go in by the Lodge-gates this time, instead of chasin' your dam' boys—oh, that's the Epistle to King—so it was. We-el, Foxy?" Stalky put his chin on his hands and regarded the victim with deep delight.

"*Ti-ra-la-la-i-tu!* I gloat! Hear me!" said McTurk. "Foxy brought us tea when we were moral lepers. Foxy has a heart. Foxy has been in the Army, too."

"I wish I'd ha' had you in my company, young gentleman," said the Sergeant from the depths of his sorely-tried soul; "I'd ha' given you something."

"Silence at drum-head court-martial," McTurk went on. "I'm advocate for the prisoner; and, besides, this is much too good to tell all the other brutes in the Coll. They'd *never* understand. They play cricket, and say: 'Yes, sir,' and 'O, sir,' and 'No, sir.'"

"Never mind that. Go ahead," said Stalky.

"Well, Foxy's a good little chap when he does not esteem himself to be clever."

"Take not out your 'ounds on a werry windy day," Stalky struck in. "*I* don't care if you let him off."

"Nor me," said Beetle. "Heffy is my only joy—Heffy and King."

"I 'ad to do it," said the Sergeant, plaintively.

"Right, O! Led away by bad companions in the execution of his duty or—or words to that effect. You're dismissed with a caution, Foxy. *We* won't tell about *you*. I swear we won't," McTurk concluded. "Bad for the discipline of the school. Horrid bad."

"Well," said the Sergeant, gathering up the tea-things, "knowin' what I know o' the young dev—gentlemen of the college, I'm very glad to 'ear it. But what am I to tell the 'Ead?"

"Anything you jolly well please, Foxy. *We* aren't the criminals."

To say that the Head was annoyed when the Sergeant appeared after dinner with the day's crime-sheet would be putting it mildly.

"Corkran, McTurk and Co. I see. Bounds as usual. Hullo! What the deuce is this? Suspicion of drinking. Whose charge?"

"Mr. King's, sir. I caught 'em out of bounds, sir, at least that was 'ow it looked. But there's a lot be'ind, sir." The Sergeant was evidently troubled.

"Go on," said the Head. "Let us have your version."

He and the Sergeant had dealt with one another for some seven years; and the Head knew that Mr. King's statements depended very largely on Mr. King's temper.

"I thought they were out of bounds along the cliffs. But it come out they wasn't, sir. I saw them go into Colonel Dabney's woods, and—Mr. King and Mr. Prout come along—and—the fact was, sir, we was mistook for poachers by Colonel Dabney's people—Mr. King, and Mr. Prout, and me. There were some words, sir, on both sides. The young gentlemen slipped 'ome somehow, and they seemed 'ighly humourous, sir. Mr. King was mistook by Colonel Dabney himself—Colonel Dabney bein' strict. Then they preferred to come straight to you, sir, on account of what—what Mr. King may 'ave said about their 'abits afterwards in Mr. Prout's study. I only said they was 'ighly humour-

"A few bold spirits crept up to look, and received boots."

ous, laughin' an' gigglin', an' a bit above 'emselves. They've since told me, sir, in a humourous way, that they was invited by Colonel Dabney to go into 'is woods."

"I see. They didn't tell their housemaster that, of course."

"They took up Mr. King on appeal just as soon as he spoke about their—'abits. Put in the appeal at once, sir, an' asked to be sent to the dormitory waitin' for you. I've since gathered, sir, in their humourous way, sir, that some'ow or other they've 'eard about every word Colonel Dabney said to Mr. King and Mr. Prout when he mistook 'em for poachers. I—I might ha' known when they led me on so that they 'eld the inner line of communications. It's—it's a plain do, sir, if you ask *me;* an' they're gloatin' over it in the dormitory."

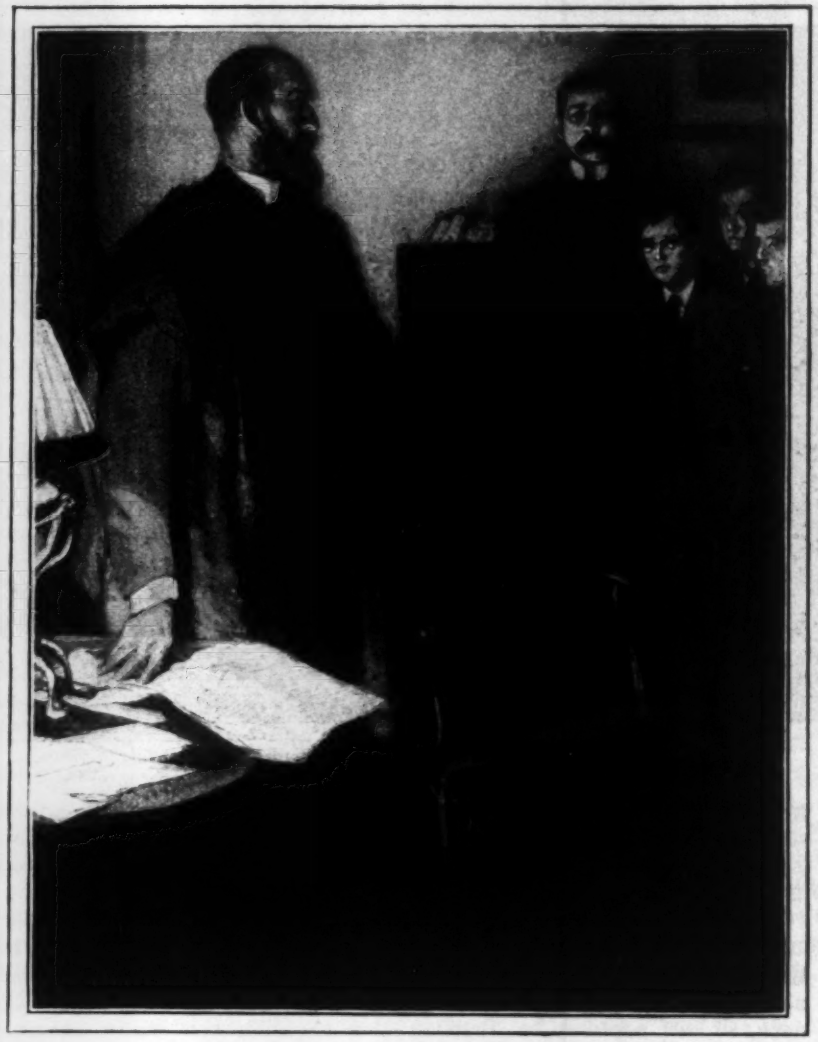
The Head saw—saw even to the uttermost farthing—and his mouth twitched a little under his mustache.

"Send them to me at once, Sergeant. This case needn't wait over."

"Good evening," said he when the three appeared under escort. "I want your undivided attention for a few minutes. You've known me for five years, and I've known you for—twenty-five. I think we understand one another perfectly. I am now going to pay you a tremendous compliment (the brown one, please, Sergeant. Thanks. You needn't wait). I'm going to execute you without rhyme, Beetle, or reason. I know you went to Colonel Dabney's covers because you were invited. I'm not even going to send the Sergeant with a note to ask if your statement is true; because I am convinced that on this occasion you have adhered strictly to the truth. I know, too, that you were not drinking. (You can take off that virtuous expression, McTurk, or I shall begin to fear you don't understand me.) There is not a flaw in any of your crystalline characters. And that is why I am going to perpetrate a howling injustice. Your reputations have been injured, haven't they? You have been disgraced before the house, haven't you? You have a peculiarly keen regard for the honor of your house, haven't you? Well, *now* I am going to lick you."

Six apiece was their portion upon that word.

"And this I think"—the Head replaced the cane, and flung the written charge into the waste-paper basket—"covers the situation. When you find a variation from the normal—this will be useful to you in later life—always meet him in an abnormal way. And that reminds me. There are a pile of



"I want your undivided attention for a few minutes."

paper-backs on that shelf. You can borrow them if you put them back. I don't think they'll take any harm from being read in the open. They smell of tobacco rather. You will go to prep this evening as usual. Good-night," said that amazing man.

"Good-night, and thank you, sir."

"I swear I'll pray for the Head to-night," said Beetle. "Those last two cuts were just flicks on my collar. There's a 'Monte Cristo' in that lower shelf. I saw it. Bags I next time we go to Aves!"

"Dearr man!" said McTurk. "No gating. No impots. No beastly questions. All settled. Hullo! what's King goin' in to him for—King and Prout?"

Whatever the nature of that interview was, it did not improve either King's or Prout's ruffled plumes, for, when they came out of the Head's house, six eyes noted that the one was red and blue with emotion, as to his nose, and the other was sweating profusely. That sight compensated them amply for the Imperial Jaw with which they were favored by the two. It seems—and who so astonished as they?—that they had held back material facts; that they were guilty both of *suppressio veri* and *suggestio falsi* (well-known gods against whom they often offended); further, that they were malignant in their dispositions, untrustworthy in their characters, pernicious and revolutionary in their influences, abandoned to the devils of wilfulness, pride, and a most intolerable conceit. Ninthly, and lastly, they were to have a care and to be very careful.

They were careful, as only boys can be when there is a hurt to be inflicted. They waited through one suffocating week till Prout and King were their royal selves again; waited till there was a house-match—their own house, too—in which Prout was taking part; waited, further, till he had buckled on his pads in the pavilion and stood ready to go forth. King was scoring at the window, and the three sat on a bench without.

Said Stalky to Beetle: "I say, Beetle, *quis custodiet ipsos custodes?*"

"Don't ask me," said Beetle. "I'll have nothin' private with you. Ye can be as pri-

vate as ye please the other end of the bench, and I wish ye a very good afternoon."

McTurk yawned.

"Well, ye should ha' come up to the lodge like Christians instead o' chasin' your—a-hem—boys through the length an' breadth of my covers. *I* think these house-matches are all rot. Let's go over to Colonel Dabney's an' see if he's collared any more poachers."

That afternoon there was joy in Aves.*

LOVE IN A FOG
By Hester Caldwell Oakley
"Ah Love! could you and I with Him conspire
To grasp this sorry scheme of things entire
Would not we shatter it to bits—and then
Remould it nearer to the heart's desire!"
—OMAR KHAYYAM—

FROM time to time other figures emerged with an uncanny suddenness from the darkness, and passed with as unnatural swiftness into it again, like the unreal phantoms of a lantern-slide.

"'We are no other than a moving row
Of magic shadow-shapes that come and go,'"

quoted Brewster, with the pleasure that accompanies an aptly remembered phrase—a pleasure that with him never palled, as it so often does, for want of an appreciative listener other than oneself. And then, having caught up that string of Oriental pearls in the middle, he felt along for the succeeding beads, until the beautiful fatalism, more impressive in that loneliness than ever before, seemed to lessen his habitual self-reliance.

Until now, the thought of being lost never entered his head, although he had been walking in that confusing and absolute gloom for over a quarter of an hour. He stood quite still and tried to think out the compass, gasping in rueful, incredulous amusement, as wave after wave of bewildered uncertainty swept over him.

It was just at this moment, as he so stood, trying to realize that he, Ralph Brewster, hunter and ardent woodsman, was more hopelessly turned about in the most familiar part of London than he had ever been in the depth of the forest primeval, that a distinct, quick call smote him from somewhere beyond in the muffling fog.

It came again: "Help me! Come to me some one!" A woman's voice unmistakably; unmistakably, too, the voice of a refined woman, and holding in it, to Brewster's ear—an ear curiously sensitive where voices were concerned—a strange mingling of fright and command.

"Yes," he called in reply, trying to brush away the choking cloud with impatient hands. "Hold on, I'm coming. Speak again, so that I can place you."

In answer, the haunting voice sounded once more; this time seemingly ahead, and a little to the right. "Here I am. Come at *once*, please!"

The imperative note was even more distinguishable, and Brewster steered toward the sound with outstretched, groping arms. In a minute he called again: "Where are you now?" and this time the response came, more faintly, from the left: "Here! Can you not find me?" its command more insistent than ever.

"For Heaven's sake!" Brewster shouted, "keep still, if you don't want me to lose you altogether. Don't move a single step, and

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call to me steadily!" *His* voice now held an imperative ring, and the woman evidently recognized its masterfulness, for she did as he commanded; and again Ralph plunged forward toward the intangible sweetness of the calling voice.

A London fog is almost as deceptive to ears as to eyes, and thus it happened that, before the object of his search seemed to the man's hearing close at hand, his groping hands touched something which loomed up with such suddenness out of the obscurity that a rather sharp collision was inevitable. Brewster drew back apologetically, and the girl—for it was only a girl—uttered an exclamation of indignant surprise, followed by a little ripple of inconsistent, involuntary laughter, checked as soon as born.

"Oh," she said, "I am very glad you have found me at last. What a long time you were about it! I have been lost for quite an hour in this frightful fog, and I must get home at once."

"I should have found you sooner," Brewster retorted, somewhat resentfully, for her tone suggested a condescension unbearable, under the circumstances, "but you must have moved, did you not, after I first called?"

"Of course I did," the girl replied with spirit, "I tried to come to meet you."

"Oh, that is fatal in a fog," Brewster exclaimed. "Two people drift apart at once, if they play at cross purposes like that; for, between calls, they may be moving in exactly opposite directions. The only way is to remain stationary as a——"

"Fog-horn?" the girl suggested, brightly, with a keen, quick glance at her companion. In spite of the dusky dimness in which he was partially shrouded, though close at her side, both his voice and bearing convinced her that the man was a gentleman in whom she might trust; and her manner changed a trifle, although the condescension was still slightly noticeable.

"Exactly," Brewster agreed, gravely. Then courteously—"I rather fear I am lost myself; but I may be able to be of some assistance to you. It is a frightful night for a woman to be out alone, and dangerous as well. Where do you wish to go?"

The implied disapproval of this remark seemed to sting the girl to an explanation, in spite of herself; and she began with an increased haughtiness. "To the Metropole. Surely it cannot be very far. I came out early this afternoon to the National Gallery, and while there sent my companion off on an errand. She was to return in an hour, at four o'clock. But after I grew tired of looking at the pictures, and found the time was up, of course"—impatiently—"I could wait no longer, and so—I started home."

"But the fog—surely by that time, it must have been very thick. You should never have attempted——"

"Yes," she admitted, unwillingly, "it was thick, and it grew worse so rapidly. But—what would you?" with a pretty, oddly foreign gesture. "I could wait no longer, I knew the way, and who could have dreamed it would so soon become like this?" A shade of mischievous regret crept into her voice as she added, as if to herself, "How they will scold! Poor Nathalie! She, too, is lost, I fear. That is what kept her. I thought it could be nothing but sudden death, she grumbled so at leaving me! But," turning abruptly, "you will take me home, sir, as quickly as possible, will you not?"

"You may be sure of that," returned Ralph, again slightly nettled. Where in the world lay the charm of staying out longer than was necessary in a cold, dank fog, with this pert, self-willed school-girl, he should like to know? He asked himself the question angrily, and was surprised to find another self recognizing that, absurd as it might seem, there was a distinct charm.

"But why do we not move on, then?"

With a sudden surrender to the humor of the situation, Brewster broke into a laugh. "Move on?" he said. "Yes, we might, if we only knew in which direction to move!"

The girl watched him a minute, and then joined in. The laugh cleared the mental atmosphere, if not the material one, and Brewster asked: "How long had you been calling when I came?"

"Only a minute. I could not bear to speak sooner. I did not know who might answer, and I thought I must find my way in time—it is such a short distance, you know? I am sure I started right at first; but then, after a time, I came to such a dreadful place, all noisy men and wagons; and it was then that I became so turned around and hopelessly tangled, I suppose; for, pretty soon, I found myself here—apparently in a place where there was *nobody*. I stood it as long as I could, and then I could not bear it any longer. It was unspeakable, the loneliness! I called, and then—you answered!"

Yes, her voice was marvelously sympathetic. In its flexible changes Brewster could trace every gradation of her experience—the arrogant self-confidence of her departure; the shrinking disgust at the

rough, clamoring crowd; the desperate, overmastering sensation of loneliness; and, finally, the passionate relief at his answer to her appeal. The hint of this last feeling thrilled him swiftly, and he felt all at once an immeasurable desire and capacity to move mountains, in order that this delicate, high-bred girl beside him might walk unobstructed henceforth. Unfortunately, no mountains were at hand, only the fog, grim, relentless, omnipresent—like a melodramatic ghost—the clutch of whose clammy fingers no power other than the elements could shake off.

But her words gave him a clue. "I say!" he exclaimed, gladly, "See here! You must have been wandering about in a circle around the square! That would account for there being so few people! If *that's* the case, we'll soon find our bearings. Yes—I started out from the Oxford and Cambridge Club fifteen minutes or so ago; and, so far as I can make out, I've been heading east ever since. Walking rather slowly, that ought to bring me, by now, just about to Trafalgar Square."

"Nonsense!" his companion declared, "I could hardly be so stupid as to walk around in a circle. It is unreasonable!"

"Oh, but I assure you, it's not unreasonable in the least," Brewster protested. "It's what every inexperienced person does when lost. It's the most natural thing in the world. We'll move forward slowly; and, if I'm right, as I begin to think I must be, we'll soon strike something that will prove it."

Move forward, accordingly, they did—cautiously, for the fog was like a dense wall, behind which no fate seemed too subtle or fearsome to lurk. And sure enough, before long they did meet "a lion in the path"—a Landseer lion—by which token Brewster knew, at once, that Nelson's column was at hand, a vantage point from which to base further calculations.

"Here we are!" he exclaimed, joyfully. "This is better luck than I dared hope for. If we had struck any of these other old duffers, whose pedestals are alike as peas, it would have been as complicated as the highest sort of mathematics. As it is, the problem's simple as A B C!"

"I do not really see that we are so much better off than before," the girl answered, with a sort of triumphant willfulness. "As I remember it, there are four lions, are there not? And consequently four sides to Nelson's column. How do you know which side this is, then? It seems to me that there are just three chances to one against our

". . . out of the way of the uncouth and mammoth thing."

starting out in the right direction from here!"

"Then it's simply a case of 'If at first you don't succeed, try, try, try again,'" Ralph retorted, with rising good humor. "This is my plan. The column is in the center of the square, *east and west;* but it is very near to the curb on the *south* side; while the *southeast* lion—if my architectural head doesn't play me false—points directly toward Northumberland Avenue, which, as you know, is the street we're after. So you see, all we have to do is to start straight ahead, from the side we're on, and walk about twenty paces. Then, if we don't come to the curb, do as the King of France did, 'March back again,' and begin all over from another side, until we do strike it—do you see?"

Yes, she saw, with a quick grasp of his points that delighted Brewster, as did, still more, the girlish gusto and abandon with which she entered into the whole thing. He grasped one end of her slim little umbrella, telling her to hold to the crook behind him; while he made wild lunges ahead with his cane, because, as he said, "you never can tell what *lusus naturæ* you may meet with at any minute in a London fog!" They both shuddered at the thought of the way she might have pitched headlong down the steps that connect the curious stone terraces of Trafalgar Square.

In the heat of this discussion, during the second voyage of exploration from the column, they lost count of their steps, and, before they knew it, were confronted with a pedestal, which Brewster declared must be that of General Gordon, who had embraced the opportunity of the fog to move up and hob-nob with Nelson, since it had surely never been so close before. They faced about, and he made for the column again, in secret perturbation lest they had been turned about and bumped into one of the other statues—in which case their friendly vantage-point would not be forthcoming—but was relieved to find he was right, and there had been no more serious mistake than in the extra number of steps they had taken.

Out again for the third time. Ralph felt as if they were two children, playing at nothing more responsible or arduous than a game of Blind Man's Buff; and when, at the fourth venture, they finally found the long-lost curb (with a unanimous exclamation, in which triumph and regret were ridiculously blended), the man had a keen sensation that they

might claim to be old, old friends by this time, as becomes those who have grown up together through a long, happy youth.

Back, for the last time, to the column steps, to the left of which (facing the curb) crouches the "southeast lion," gazing with stony eyes down Northumberland Avenue. "Good for Nelson!" ejaculated Brewster. "To have beaten Napoleon's fleet was nowhere beside overcoming a London fog!" And the girl laughed merrily, "He has always been one of my heroes. I shall appreciate him more than ever after this!"

When they started slowly on again, she asked, gently, as if touched by his patient persistence and clever planning: "I hope I'm not taking you greatly out of your way? It would be such a pity;" and Brewster answered with a joyous ring in his voice: "Not in the least. Why, we are close neighbors. Isn't it odd? I am staying at the Victoria, right next to you. You see it was the very luckiest thing in the world, my running across you. I should never have gotten my own bearings without your hints."

"How good you are to put it so. I think the indebtedness is all on my side—I *was* foolish!" she admitted, with a degree of mental surprise at the concession which would have amazed Ralph Brewster, simply because he could not have comprehended it. To him owning to a fault was the most natural and immediate outcome of its recognition. "But who could have dreamed of this!" she went on. "Oh, what a country, this England of yours! It would kill me; I could not breathe in it! Faugh!"

"'Good-by, my friend. I thank you—always.'"

"But it is not *my* England," Brewster answered, laughing at the vivid disdain of her voice. "I'm an American, you know? And that accounts for my stupidity in dealing with this sort of thing. If I'd been a Britisher, I should have had you home long ago, I dare say." He ended with a mental reservation, "Thank Heaven, I'm not, then!" which, if revealed, might, in turn, have been a surprise to his companion.

She looked up, interestedly. "America?" she said. "I might have known it. But why were you so surprised, then? I thought it was the custom, over there, for women to do exactly as they pleased; to go out and about alone and unprotected at any hour. Oh, how I have longed for the freedom of it all at times!" she ended, with a note of weariness that caught Brewster's quick ear.

"You are then——?"

"I am a German," she answered, with a sort of finality that, somehow, checked the further questioning which rose to Ralph's lips.

As they reached the street on which the Metropole stands, a huge dray lumbered up suddenly out of the blackness behind; and, with a quick backward motion of his arm, trained years before to pull stroke on his 'Varsity eight, Ralph caught the girl from her feet, and lifted her around in front of him, out of the way of the uncouth and mammoth thing. When they moved on again, he reached out and drew her arm up through his, holding it firmly to his side, while around them—all around them—the blessed, the kindly fog shut down again, separating them from the rest of the world, leaving him in a new world of his own, with this one woman, in whose presence he was conscious of a restfulness that was akin to nothing, perhaps, so much as the glad surprise of quiet, deep, harbored waters after a stormy uncertainty.

And now, for a while, they did not speak at all; but Brewster knew, by a sort of sixth sense, that her silence held no estrangement. They moved on as if in a dream. Was it indeed anything else? The isolation; the unreality of past or future, of anything but the intense, all-sufficing present; the complete disconnection with any fellowship beyond the limitless one of the other dream-figure at his side—that figure so vital and real where it touched him closely, but fading itself, at the farther points, into unsubstantiality. Where but in a dream could one find such conditions?

Just before they reached the hotel the girl turned, pointing to a light which flashed by them only to be swallowed up, the next instant, into nothingness again. "What are those," she said, "those lights? I have noticed them, at intervals, ever since we started."

A sudden temptation rose in Brewster's heart, grappled with his speech, and was worsted. He had yielded tacitly to one already, but he would at least be honest with her now. There was a dread, however, in his eyes as he looked down at her. "Those are the link-boys," he said, seriously.

"The link-boys?" she repeated, questioningly.

"Yes, the link-boys," he continued, unsparingly, "the men who carry about lighted torches, and make it their business to find people who are lost in the London fogs, and show them to their destination." Unconsciously he was repeating the phraseology of a London guide-book, but his eyes held hers as he spoke.

"Then you—when you—when we, were lost——" she faltered, "you might—all the time you might——"

"Yes, I might have hailed one, and he would have led us home in half the time," Ralph blurted out. "It was caddish—it was dishonorable in me; but I—forgive me—I——"

He stopped, for he felt rather than saw that his companion was smiling. "It was better so," she said, with a sweet, light graciousness. "It was most thoughtful. I should so much have preferred you to bring me home quietly like this, than to have come in—how do you say it?—a 'torch-light procession!'"

In another instant they had reached the entrance; and, with his swift return to everydayness, Brewster found his exalted sensations replaced by the most lusty and prosaic hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness.

The girl drew her arm from his with a quick determination and lifted her face. As she did so and he saw it clearly, for the first time, in the subdued glare, the man was struck with its expression—a sort of hopeless weariness, inconsistent with its youth and extreme fairness.

"No, do not come any further," she said, gently, when he made as if to accompany her up the steps. "Please! I do not wish it. It only remains for me to thank you. Indeed I do thank you," she continued, hesitatingly, but with a deeper note, which lent a new gravity and dignity to her beautiful voice. "You have spared me great trouble, and you—saved my life, I think, that time when—when the wagon—— I am glad to owe my life to you. I am glad to have known you. I wish I too—I too—had been born in America. Will you not tell me your name, that I may remember my good friend?"

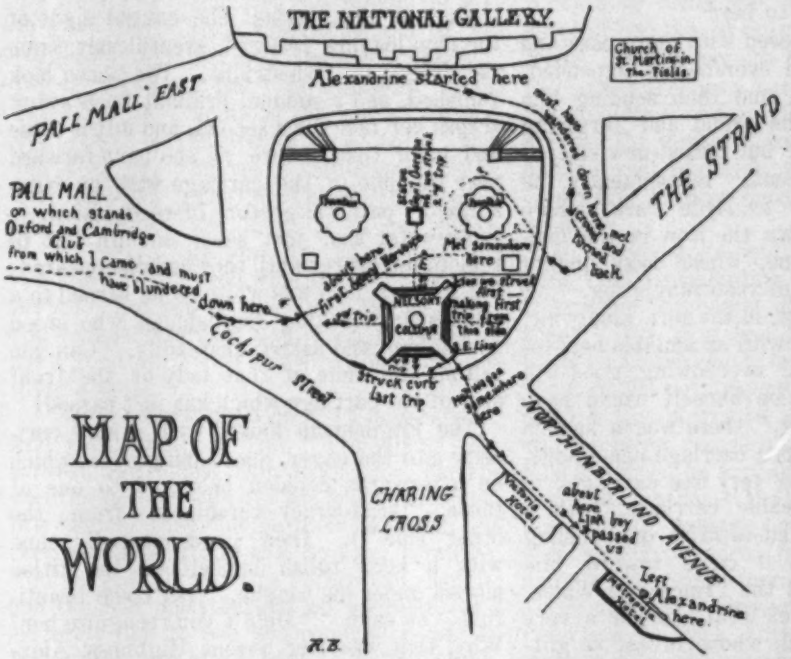
Brewster fumbled eagerly in his pocket, and handed her his card. "It was nothing—it was everything—I mean I am so glad—" he murmured, confusedly, for the happiness her words gave him impeded speech—"so glad to have been of the least service."

They were standing at the foot of the hotel steps, a little to the side, where she had stopped him. People were jostling by them, in and out of the warm, brilliantly lighted hall-way beyond, against the brightness of which her slender figure was silhouetted tenderly, her hair making a soft

halo about her shadowed face. Behind them lay the fog, in the sphinx-like depths of which the man fancied that he had found an answer to the riddle of his life. He held out both hands. "Your name?" he said, disconnectedly. "This is only *auf wiedersehen*—I must see you again. I——"

The girl seemed surprised at the impetuous gesture, but the next instant she laid her hand confidingly in his eager ones. Then she straightened, and drew them gently away. Her words came softly. "My name is Alexandrine Hennebourgh. Good-by, my friend. I thank you—always!" she said; and then was gone up the steps.

For a minute or two he stood where she had left him, gazing stupidly after her. Then he pulled himself together with a short, happy laugh, and turning, groped his way back, through the fog, to his own hotel. Arrived there, and in the friendly seclusion of his own room, he paced up and down in a sort of exaltation. His passage had been engaged for the following Saturday, but he had thought of that as he came in, and had wired from the hotel office, giving up his state-room. How he exulted now to think how completely he was his own master, appreciating the good fortune of his singular aloneness as never before. What was to hinder if he chose to follow his fog-maiden, his will-o'-the-wisp, through all the world! Plans? Her plans should be his. As for him, he would make no plans. And, forthwith, he set to work at that most tempting architecture in the world, castle-building! How it all haunted him—every turn of her head, every intonation of her voice. Why, his impression of the girl was as vivid as if he had known her all his life, as indeed he had, he told himself, convincingly, for life had only begun with him from the moment he heard that calling voice.


THE NATIONAL GALLERY.
Church of St. Martins-in-the-Fields
Alexandrine started here
PALL MALL EAST
PALL MALL on which stands Oxford and Cambridge Club from which I came, and must have blundered down here
THE STRAND
Met somewhere here
Cockspur Street
CHARING CROSS
NORTHUMBERLAND AVENUE
Victoria Hotel
Left Alexandrine here
MAP OF THE WORLD.

Alexandrine! How perfectly it suited her! The beginning of it, stately and imperious, with the tender, playful diminutive ending; the whole name full of dignity and strength, and yet so womanly! Hennebourgh! Ah, that was not so good! Too German perhaps—an American name would be better. He laughed at himself again, for his own eager boyishness; glad of his youth; glad of his wealth and good name, that he might use them all as helps in winning her. He must be patient, oh, yes, and circumspect, and not let her dream at first, or frighten her by the suddenness of it all. He would invent excuses; he would employ Machiavellian adroitness in explaining his presence, his behavior. Yes, he would be patient. To-morrow, he would wait to present himself till afternoon. He would leave her the whole morning free. A morning? A month rather! But he would leave it to her, free. In the afternoon, at four, or probably three—possibly at two—he would call—and so on, and so on, till far into the morning which he had so generously resolved to abnegate.

Accordingly, the next day, he killed time in numerous ways. He read the newspaper, and then caught himself wondering what the deuce there was in it anyway. Then he took a piece of paper, and grew intensely absorbed over a rough map of their journeyings in the fog the night before, living every step of the way over again. "'But, oh, there is

another crime I haven't mentioned yet!'" he quoted, under his breath, when he came to Nelson's column. "I *stole* that third trip, my lady! I wonder if it occurred to you that General Gordon could have directed us, without the extra excursion!" He labeled the plan "Map of the World," and then tucked it tenderly away in his wallet, smiling to himself as he speculated how long it would be before he would dare to tell her about it, to show it to her!

After this, he dressed with more care and temper than he had ever before expended, fuming at his man, and then sending him out of the room, the proud and forgiving possessor of an all but brand-new suit of clothes and a top-coat. Subsequently, he made his way over to Hyde Park, where he strode up and down the Row in the mellow October sunshine, whose hazy quality was the sole legacy of yesterday's fog.

As he walked there, in the soft, kindly air, watching the people with an amiable benevolence and universal overflowing good-will toward men, which he himself would have described as "doting," there was a sudden stir, and then an open carriage came bowling rapidly along—a very fine carriage; in fact, a most noticeable carriage, with a curiously familiar coat-of-arms on paneling and trappings. As it came toward him Brewster recognized the Princess of Wales, who sat on the back seat, beside a very stately old individual, whose breast so glittered with insignia that one naturally inferred he must be a very important individual indeed. Then, as they flashed quickly past, the face of a girl on the front seat, with her back to the horses, arrested his carelessly interested eye, and—burned itself into his inner consciousness! A girl with a slender, beautifully clad figure; with a cloud of light, wind-blown hair, and a small flower-like face, on which was stamped the expression of bored weariness which Ralph had noticed once in the eyes of his fog-maiden of the night before.

Just at that instant she caught sight of the man leaning forward, breathlessly, from the fringe of pedestrians. The bored look vanished, and a sudden, brilliant flush swept across her face for a second, and left it tense and paler than before, as she bent forward over the side of the carriage with an indescribably pathetic gesture of recognition.

Brewster had just sense enough left to remain uncovered until they had disappeared; but his own face was white as he turned to a gentlemanly-looking Englishman who stood beside him, and asked, unsteadily, "Can you tell me the name of that lady on the front seat of the carriage which has just passed?"

The Englishman looked with a slow curiosity into the eager, questioning eyes (which he afterwards decided belonged to one of those "aristocracy-worshipers from the other side"). Then good-naturedly, and with a keen relish himself of the titled morsel under his tongue, "Isn't she beautiful?" he said. "Didn't you recognize her? Why, that was Her Serene Highness, Alexandrine, Princess of Saxe-Weisenach and Countess of Hennebourgh!"

FINIS.

THE LINER AND THE ICEBERG.

By Cutcliffe Hyne,

Author of "Honor of Thieves," "The Paradise Coal-boat," etc.

CAPTAIN KETTLE had been thanking Carnforth for getting him command of the Atlantic liner "Armenia." "But," he went on, "qualifications, sir, are all my eye. Interest's the thing that shoves a ship-master along. Yes, Mr. Carnforth, interest and luck. I've got qualifications by the fathom, and you know pretty well what they've ever done for me. But you're a rich man and an M. P.; you've got interest; you come up and give me a good word with an owner, and look, the thing's done."

"Well, I sincerely wish you a long reign," said Carnforth. "The 'Armenia's' the slowest and oldest ship on the line, but she was the best I could get the firm to give you. It's seldom they change their captains, and they promote from the bottom, upwards. You've got all the line before you, Kettle, and the rest must depend on yourself. I'd sincerely like to see you commodore of the firm's fleet, but you'll have to do the climbing to that berth by your own wit. I've done all I can."

"You've done more for me, sir, than any other creature living's done, and believe me, then, a very grateful fellow. And you can bet I shall do my best to stick to a snug berth now I've got it. I'm a married man, Mr. Carnforth, with children; I've them always at the back of my memory; and I've known what it is to try all the wretched jobs that the knock-about ship-master's put to if he doesn't choose his belongings to starve. The only thing I've got to be frightened of now is luck, and that's a thing which is outside my hands, and outside yours, and outside the hands of everyone else on this earth. I guess that God above keeps the engineering of luck as His own private department; and He deals it out according to His good pleasure; and we get what's best for us."

Now the steamship "Armenia," or old "Atrocity," as she was more familiarly named, with other qualifying adjectives according to taste, was more known than respected in the Western Ocean passenger trade. In her day she had been a flier, and had cut a record; but her day was past. Ship-building and engine-building are for ever on the improve, and, with competition, and the rush of trade, the older vessels are constantly getting outclassed in speed and economy.

So heavy stoke-hold crews and extravagant coal consumption no longer made the "Armenia" tremble along at her topmost speed. The firm had built new and faster boats to do the showy trips which got spoken about in the newspapers; and in these they carried the actresses, and the drummers, and the other people who run up heavy wine bills and insist on expensive state-rooms; and they had lengthened the "Armenia's" scheduled time of passage between ports to what was most economical for coal consumption, and made her other arrangements to match. They advertised first-class bookings from Liverpool to New York for eleven pounds and upwards, and passengers who economised and bought eleven-pound tickets, fondly imagining that they were going to cross in one of the show boats, were wont to find themselves consigned to berths in inside cabins on the "Armenia."

The present writer (before Captain Kettle took over command) knew the "Armenia" well. A certain class of passengers had grown native to her. On outward trips she was a favorite boat for Mormon missionaries and their converts. The saints themselves voyaged first-class, and made a very nasty exhibition of manners; their wives were in the second cabin; and the ruck of the converts—Poles, Slavs, Armenians, and other noisome riff-raff—reposed in stuffy barracks far below the water-line, and got the best that could be given them for their contract transport price of three-pound-ten a head. Besides the Mormons (and shunning them as oil does water), there were civilized passengers who shipped by the "Armenia" either because the cheap tariff suited their purses,

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"The time was 2 a.m., and the glow of the arc lamps . . . went up far into the night."

or because an extra couple of days at sea did not matter to them, and they preferred her quiet *régime* to the hurry, and noise, and dazzle, and vibration of the crowded and more popular greyhounds.

On to the head of this queer family party, then, Captain Owen Kettle was pitchforked by the Fates and Mr. Carnforth, and at first he found the position bewilderingly strange. He was thirty-seven years of age, and it was his *début* as an officer on a passenger boat. The whole routine was new to him. Even the deckhands were of a class strange to his experience, and did as they were bidden smartly and efficiently, and showed no disposition to simmer to a state of constant mutiny. But newest of all, he came for the first time in contact with an official called a purser (in the person of one Mr. Reginald Horrocks), at whose powers and position he was inclined to look very much askance.

It was Mr. Horrocks who welcomed him on board, and the pair of them sized one another up with diligence. Kettle was suspicious,

brusque, and inclined to assert his position. But the purser was more a man of the world, and, besides, he was by profession urbane, and a cultivator of other people's likings. He made it his boast that he could in ten minutes get on terms of civility with the sourest passenger who was ever put into an undesirable room; and he was resolved to get on a footing of geniality with the new skipper if his art could manage it. Mr. Horrocks had sailed on bad terms with a captain once in the days of his novitiate, and he did not wish to repeat the experience.

But Kettle was by nature an autocrat, and could not shake down into the new order of things all at once. The "Armenia" was in dock, noisy with stevedores working cargo, when the new captain paid his first preliminary visit of inspection. Horrocks was in attendance, voluble and friendly, and they went through every part of her, from the sodden shaft-tunnel to the glory-hole, where the stewards live. The purser was all affability, but Kettle resented his tone, and at last, when they had ended their excursion, and walked together into the chart-house on the lower bridge, the little sailor turned round and faced the other, and put the case to him significantly.

"You will kindly remember that I am captain of this ferry," he said.

"You're captain all the way, sir," said Horrocks genially. "My department is the care of the passengers as your deputy, and the receiving in of stores from the superintendent purser ashore; and I wish to handle them all according to your orders."

"Oh," said Kettle, "you'll have a pretty free hand here. I don't mind telling you I'm new to this hotel-keeping business. I've been in cargo boats up to now."

"Well, of course, Captain, a purser's work is a profession to itself, and the details are not likely to have come in your way. I suppose I'd better run things on much as before to start with, and when you see a detail you want changed, you tell me, and I'll see it changed right away. That's where I come in; I'm a very capable man at carrying out orders. And there's another thing, Captain; I know my place: I'm just your assistant."

Captain Kettle pressed the bell. "Purser," said he, "I believe we shall get on well. I hope we shall; it's most comfortable that way." A bare-headed man in a short jacket knocked, and came in through the chart-house door. "Steward, bring a bottle of whisky, and put my name on it, and keep it in the rack yonder; and bring some fresh water and two glasses—Purser, you'll have a drink with me?"

"Well, here's plenty of cargo," said Kettle, when the whisky came.

"Here's plenty of passengers and a popular ship," said the Purser.

But if Mr. Horrocks was civil and submissive in words on the "Armenia," it was because he had mastered the art of only saying those things which are profitable and keeping his private thoughts for disclosure on more fitting occasions. When he sat at tea that night with his wife, across in their little house in New Brighton, he mentioned that the new captain did not altogether meet with his august approval. "He's a queer savage they've got hold of, and no mistake this time," said he; "a fellow that's lived on freighters all his life, and never seen a serviette, and doesn't know what to do with his entertainment money."

"Tell the firm," suggested Mrs. Horrocks.

"Not much. At least, not yet. He's new, and so naturally they think he's a jewel. I'm not going to make myself unpopular by complaining too soon. Give this new old man string enough, and he'll hang himself neatly without my help."

"Like the last?"

"Oh, this one's worse than him. In fact, I'm beginning to be sorry I ever did get our last old man the push. He was all right so long as I didn't make my perquisites too big. But as for this one, I don't suppose he'll understand I've a right to perquisites at all."

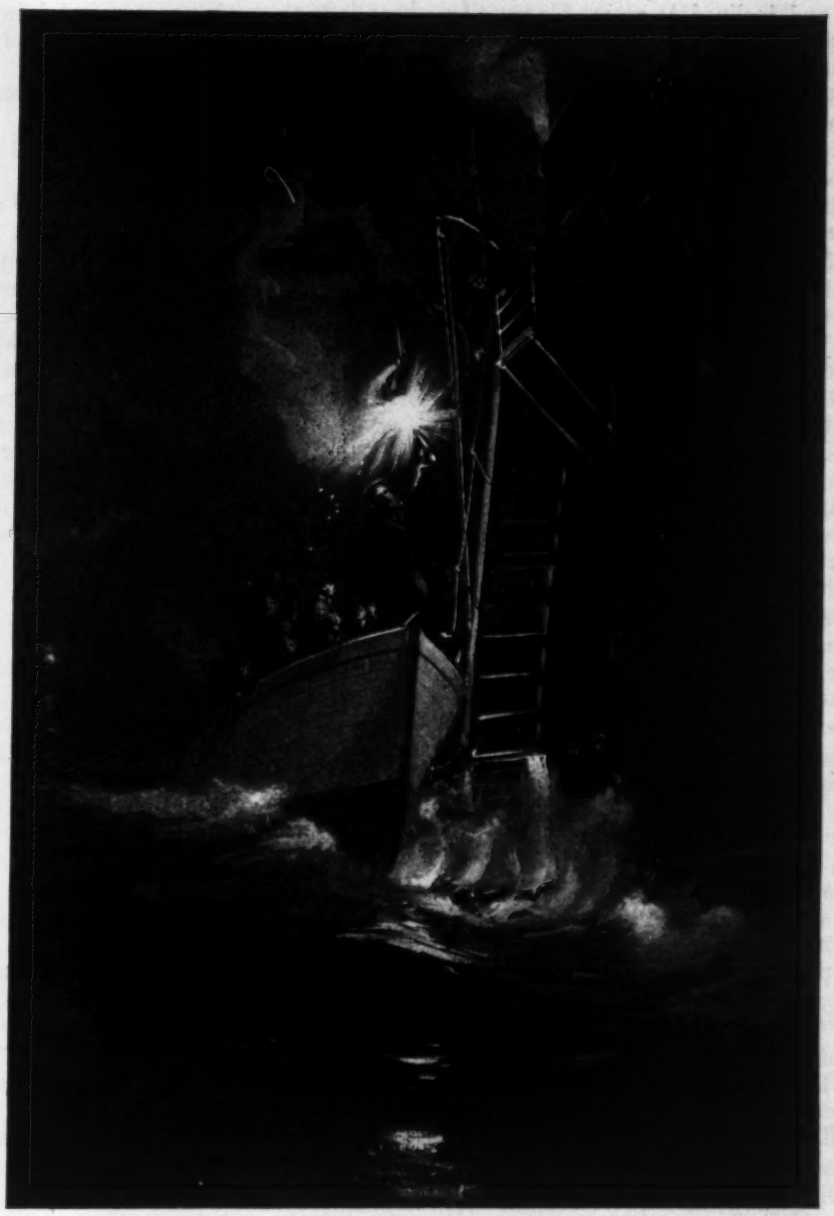
"But," said Mrs. Horrocks, "you're purser. What does he suppose you live on? He must know that the pay don't go far."

"Well he didn't seem to know what a purser was, and when I tried to hint it to him, he just snapped out that he was captain of this blooming ship."

"And then?"

Mr. Horrocks shrugged his shoulders. "Oh, I agreed right away. May as well tickle a fool as tease him, my dear. He thinks because he's a splendid seaman—and he may be that, I'll admit—he's fit to skipper a Western Ocean passenger boat. He's a lot to learn yet, and I'm the man that's going to educate him."

Now the exasperating part of it was, that not only did this process of "education" promptly begin, but Captain Kettle knew it. Never before had he had anyone beneath him on board ship who had dared to dispute his imperial will, and done it successfully.



"The second mate's boat rowed to the foot of her gangway ladder."

There was no holding this affable purser, no pinning him down to a specific offense. If he mapped out a plan of action, and Captain Kettle objected to it, he was all civility, and would give it up without argument. "Certainly, sir," he would say. "You're captain on this boat, as you say, and I'm purser, and I just know my place." And then afterwards would invariably come a back thrust which Captain Kettle could never parry.

There were three long tables in the saloon, headed by the captain, the purser, and the doctor; and when the passengers came on board at Liverpool or New York, it was Mr. Horrocks who arranged their meal places. He had a nice discrimination, this purser, and from long habit could sum up a passenger's general conversational qualities at a glance. He knew also Captain Kettle's tastes and limitations, and when that redoubtable mariner had been making things unpleasant, he rewarded him with dinner companions for the next run who kept him in a state of subdued frenzy. It was quite an easy thing to do, and, managed craftily, it was a species of torture impossible to resent.

In fact, it may be owned at once that as a conversational head to a liner's table, Captain Kettle did not shine. The situation was new and strange to him. Up till then he had fought his way about the seas in cargo tramps, with only here and there a stray passenger; and, at table, professional topics had made up the talk, or, what was more common, glum, scowling silence had prevailed.

Here, on this steam hotel, he suddenly found himself looked up to as a head of society. His own real reminiscences of the sea he kept back; he felt them to be vastly impolite; he never dreamed that they might be interesting.

His power of extracting sweet music from the accordion he kept rigidly in the background. Accordions seemed out of place somehow with these finicking passengers. He felt that his one genteel taste was for poetry, but only once did he let it slip out. It was half-way across the Atlantic on a homeward trip, and conversation had lagged. The purser's and the doctor's tables were in a rattle of cheerful talk: Kettle's was in a state of boredom. In desperation he brought out his sacred topic.

At once every ear within range started to listen: he saw that at once. But he mistook the motive. The men around him—they were mostly American—thought that the whole thing was an effort of humor. It never occurred to them that this vinegary-faced little sailor actually himself made the sentimental rhymes he quoted to them; and when it dawned upon them that this was no joke, and the man was speaking in sober, solemn earnest, the funniness of it swept over them like a wave. The table yelped with inextinguishable laughter.

Of a sudden Captain Kettle realized that he was his passengers' butt, and sat back in his chair as though he was getting ready for a spring.

In his first torrent of rage he could with gusto have shot the lot of them; but, to begin with, he was unarmed, and, in the second place, passengers are not crew; and, moreover, after the first explosion, the laughter began to die away. One by one the diners looked at the grim, savage, little face glaring at them from the end of the table, and their mirth seemed to chill. The laughter ended, and an uncomfortable silence grew, and remained to the finish of the meal.

During the succeeding meals, moreover, up till the end of the voyage, that silence was very little encroached upon at the captain's end of the middle table. Anyone who ventured to speak, had the benefit of Captain Kettle's full gaze, and found it disconcerting. Even to passengers on a modern steam ferry, the captain is a person of some majesty, and this one had a look about him that did not invite further liberties.

That batch of passengers dispersed to the four corners of the earth from Queenstown and Liverpool, and the "Armenia" saw them no more; but news of the fracas somehow or another reached the headquarters' office, and a kindly hint was given to Captain Kettle that such scenes would be better avoided for the future.

"I quite know that passengers are awkward cattle to deal with," said the partner who put it to him, "but you see, Captain, we make our living by carrying them, and we can't afford to have our boats made unpopular. You should use more tact, my dear skipper. Tact; that's what you want. Stand 'em champagne out of your entertainment allowance, and they'll stand it back, and run up bigger bills with the wine steward. It all means profit, Captain, and those are the ways you must get it for us. We aren't asking you to drum round for cargo now. Your game is to make the boat cheery and comfortable for passengers, so that they'll spend a lot of money on board, and like it, and come again and spend some more. Tumble?"

The captain of the "Armenia" heard, and intended to conform. But, admirer of his though I must conscientiously write myself, I cannot even hope that in time he would have shaken down fitly into the berth; for to tell the truth, I do not think a more unsuitable man to govern one of these modern steam hotels could be found on the seas of either hemisphere. However, as it happened, the concession was not demanded of him. His luck, that cruel, evil fortune, got up and hit him again, and his ship was cast away, and he saw himself once more that painful thing, a shipmaster without employ. More cruel still, he found himself at the same time in intimate touch with a great temptation.

The fatal voyage was from New York home, and it was in the cold, raw springtime when passenger lists are thin. The day before sailing a letter addressed "Captain Kettle, steamship 'Armenia,'" made its appearance on the chart-house table. How it got there no one seemed to know, but with the crowd of stevedores and others working cargo, it would have been very easy for a

messenger from the wharf to slip it on board unobserved. The letter was typewritten, and carried the address of an obscure saloon in the Bowery. It said:

"There is a matter of $50,000 (£10,000) waiting for you to earn with a little pluck and exertion. You can either take the game or leave it, but if you conclude to hear more, come here and ask the barman for a five-dollar cocktail, and he will show you right inside. If you are frightened, don't come. We got no use for frightened men. We can easy find a man with more sand in him somewhere else."

The little sailor considered over this precious document for the full of an hour. "Some smuggling lay," was his first conclusion, but the sum of money appeared too big for this; then he was half minded to put down the whole thing as a joke; then as a lure to rob him. The final paragraph and the address given, which was in the worst part of New York city, seemed to point shrewdly to this last. And I believe the prospect of a scrimmage was really the thing that in the end sent him off. But, any way, that evening he went, and after some difficulty found the ruffianly drinking-shop to which he had been directed.

He went inside and looked inquiringly across the bar.

The shirt-sleeved barman shifted his cigar. "Well, mister, what can I set up for you?"

"You're a bit proud of your five-dollar cocktails here, aren't you?"

The man lowered his voice. "Say, are you Captain Cuttle?"

"Kettle! confound you."

"Same thing, I guess. Walk right through that door yonder, and up the stair."

Captain Kettle patted a jacket pocket that bulged with the outline of a revolver. "If anyone thinks they are going to play larks on me here, I pity 'em."

The barman shrugged his shoulders. "Don't blame you for coming 'heeled,' boss. Guess a gun sometimes chips in handy round here. But I think the gents upstairs mean square biz."

"Well," said Kettle, "I'm going to see," and opened the door and stumped briskly up the stairway.

He stepped into a room barely furnished, and lit by one grimy window. There was no one to receive him, so he drummed the table to make his presence known.

Promptly a voice said to him: "Howdy, Captain? Will ye mind shuttin' the door?"

Now Kettle was not a man given to starting, but he started then. The place was in the worst slum in New York. Except for a flimsy table and two battered chairs, the room was stark empty, and this voice seemed to come from close beside him. Instinctively his fingers gripped on the weapon in his jacket pocket.

He slewed sharply round to make sure he was alone, and even kicked his foot under the table to see that there was no jugglery about that, and then the voice spoke to him again, with Irish brogue and Yankee idiom quaintly intermingled.

"Sure, Captain, I have to ask yer pardon for keepin' a brick wall right here between us. But I've me health to consider, an' I reckon our biz will be safest done this way."

The little sailor's grim face relaxed into a smile. His eye had caught the end of a funnel which lay flush with the wall.

"Ho?" he said. "That's your game, is it? A speaking-tube. Then I suppose you've got something to say you are ashamed of?"

"Faith, I'm proud of it. A pathriot is never ashamed of his cause."

"Get to business," said Kettle. "My time's short, and this waiting-room of yours is not over savory."

"It's just a little removal we wish you to undertake for us, Captain. You have gotten a Mr. Grimshaw on your passenger list for this run to Liverpool?"

"Have I?"

"It's so. He's one of the big bosses of your British Government."

"Well, supposing I have?"

"He's been out here as a sort of commission, and he's found out more than is good for him. He sails by the 'Armenia' to-morrow, and if you can—well—so contrive that he doesn't land at the other side, it means you are set up for life."

Captain Kettle's face stiffened, and he was about to break out with something sharp. But he restrained himself and asked instead: "What's the figure?"

"Fifty thousand dollars—say ten thousand of your English sovereigns."

"And how do I know that I should get paid?"

The answer was somewhat astounding. "You can pocket the money here, right now," said the voice.

"And once I got paid, what hold would you have on me? How do you know I'd shove this Grimshaw over the side? That I suppose is what you want?"

The voice chuckled. "We've agents everywhere, Captain. We'd have you removed pretty sharp if you tried to diddle us."

"Oh, would you?" snapped Kettle. "I've bucked against some tolerably ugly toughs in my time and come out top side, and shouldn't mind tackling your crowd for the sheer sport of the thing. But look here, Mr. Paddy Fenian, you've got hold of the wrong man when you came to me. By James, yes, you skulking, cowardly swine! You face behind a wall! Come out here and talk. I won't lift my hands. I'll use my feet to you and kick your backbone through your hat. You'd dare to ask me to murder a man, would you?"

Captain Kettle's eloquence had an unlooked-for effect. The voice from the speaking tube laughed.

The sailor went on afresh, and spoke of the unseen one's ancestors on both sides of the house, his personal habits, and probable future. He had acquired a goodly flow of this kind of vituperation during his professional career, and had been compelled to keep it bottled up before the passengers on the liner. He felt a kind of gusto in letting his tongue run loose again, and had the proud consciousness that each of his phrases would cut like the lash of a whip.

But the unseen man apparently heard him unruffled. "Blow off steam, skipper," said he; "don't mind me."

Kettle looked round the empty room dejectedly. "You thing!" he said. "I could make a man with more spirit than you out of putty."

"Of course you could, skipper," said the voice with the brogue; "of course you could. I don't really exist. I'm only a name, as your beastly Saxon papers say when they abuse me. But I can hit, as they know, and I can draw checks as you can find out if you choose. You can have your pay yet if you see fit to change your mind, and 'remove' spy Grimshaw between here and Liverpool. We've plenty of money, and you may as well have it as any one else. It's got to be spent somehow."

"I'd give a lot to wring your neck," said Kettle. He tapped the wall to test its thickness.

"You tire me," said the voice. "Why can't you drop that? You can't get at me; and if you go outside and set on all the police in New York city, you'll do no good. The police in this city know which side their bread's margarined. I'm the man with the check-book, sonny, and you bet they're not the sample of fools that'd go and try to snuff me out."

"This is no place for me," said Kettle. "It seems I can't lug you out of the drain where you live, and if I stay in touch of your breath any longer, I shall be poisoned. I've told you who I consider your mother to be. Don't forget." And the little bearded sailor strode off down the stair again and into the street. He had no inclination to go to the police, having a pious horror of the law, and so he got a car which took him down to the North River, and a ferry which carried him across to his ship.

The time was two A.M., and the glow of the arc lamps, and the rattle of winch chains, and the roar of working cargo went up far into the night. But noise made little difference to him, and even the episode he had just gone through was not sufficient to keep him awake.

The master of a Western Ocean ferry gets little enough of sleep when he is on the voyage, and so on the night before sailing he stores up as much as may be.

As it chanced Mr. Grimshaw took steps to impress himself on Captain Kettle's notice at an early stage of the next day's proceedings. The ship was warping out of dock with the help of a tug, and a passenger attempted to pass the quarter-master at the foot of the upper bridge ladder. The sailor was stubborn, but the passenger was imperative, and at last pushed his way up, and was met by Kettle himself at the head of the ladder.

"Well, sir?" said that official.

"I've come to see you take your steamer out into New York Bay, Captain."

"Oh, have you?" said Kettle. "Are you the Emperor of Germany by any chance?"

"I am Mr. Robert Grimshaw."

"Same thing. Neither you nor he is captain here. I am. So I'll trouble you to get to Halifax out of this before you're put. Quartermaster, I'll log you for neglect of duty."

Grimshaw turned and went down the ladder with a flushed cheek. "Thank you, Captain," he said over his shoulder. "I've got influence with your owners. I'll not neglect to use it."

It chanced also that Captain Kettle had been cutting down his purser's perquisites more ruthlessly than usual in New York, and that worthy man thirsted for revenge. He had taken Mr. Grimshaw's measure pretty accurately at first sight, and was tolerably sure that eight days of his conversation would irritate his skipper into a state approaching frenzy. So he portioned off the

commissioner to the end right-hand chair at the captain's table, and promised himself pleasant revenge in overlooking the result.

Captain Kettle worked the "Armenia" outside the bar and came down to dinner. Horrocks whispered in his ear as he came down the companion. "Mr. Grimshaw's the man on your right, sir. Had to give him to you. He's some sort of a big bug in the government at home; been over in New York inquiring into the organization of those Patlander rebels."

Kettle nodded curtly and went on to his seat. The meal began, and went on. Mr. Grimshaw made no allusion to the previous encounter. He had made up his mind to exact retaliation in full, and started at once to procure it. He had the reputation in London of being a "most superior person," and he possessed in a high degree the art of being courteously offensive. He was a clever man with his tongue, and never overstepped the bounds of suavity.

How the wretched Kettle sat through that meal he did not know. Under this polished attack he was impotent of defense. Not a chance was given him for retort. And all the thrusts went home. He retired from the dinner table with a moist perspiration on his face, and an earnest prayer that the "Armenia" would carry foul weather with her all the way up to Prince's landing stage, so that he might be forced to spend the next seven or eight days on the chilly eminence of the upper bridge.

And now we come to the story of how Captain Owen Kettle's luck again buffeted him.

The "Armenia" was steaming along through dismal hootings from the siren. A fog spread over the Atlantic, and the bridge telescope pointed to "Half speed-ahead," as the Board of Trade directs. The engine-room, however, had private instructions as usual, and kept up the normal speed.

On the forecastle head four look-out men peered solemnly into the fog and knew that for all the practical good they were doing they might just as well be in their bunks.

On the bridge, in glistening oilskins, Kettle and two mates stared before them into the thickness, but could not see as far as the forecastle head. And the "Armenia" surged along at her comfortable fourteen knots, with five hundred people asleep beneath her deck. The landsman fancies that on these occasions steamships slow down or stop; the liner captain knows that if once he did so, he would have little chance of taking his ship across the Atlantic again. A day lost to one of these ocean ferries means in coal, and food, and wages, and so on, a matter of one thousand pounds or so out of the pockets of her owners, and this is a little sum they do not care to forfeit without strong reason. They expect their captains to drive the boats along as usual, and make up for the added risk by increased watchfulness and precaution, and a keen noting of the thermometer for any sudden fall which should foretell the neighborhood of ice.

Now the "Armenia" was skirting the edge of the Banks, on the recognized steam lane to the eastward, which differs from that leading west; and by all the laws of navigation there should have been nothing in the way. Nothing, that is, except fishing schooners, which do not matter, as they are the only sufferers if they haven't the sense to get out of the way.

But suddenly, through the fog ahead there loomed out a vast shape, and almost before the telegraph rung its message to the engine-room, and certainly before steam could be shut off, the "Armenia's" bow was clashing and clanging and ripping and buckling as though it had charged full tilt against a solid cliff.

The engines stopped, and the awful tearing noises ceased, save for a tinkling rattle as of a cascade of glass, and: "There goes my blooming ticket," said Kettle, bitterly. "Who'd have thought of an iceberg as far south as here this time of year?" But he was prompt to act on the emergency.

"Now, Mr. Mate, away forward with you, and get the carpenter, and go down and find out how big the damage is." The crew were crowding out on deck. "All hands to boat stations. See all clear for lowering away, and then hold on all. Now keep your heads, men. There's no damage, and if there was damage there's no hurry. Put a couple of hands at each of the companionways, and keep all passengers below. We can't have them messing round here yet awhile."

The purser was standing at the bottom of the upper bridge ladder half-clad, cool, and expectant. "Ah, Mr. Horrocks, come here."

The "Armenia" had slipped back from the berg by this time and lay still, with the fog dense all around her. "Now it's all up with the old 'Atrocity,' Purser; look how she's by the head already. Get your crew of stewards together, and victual the boats. Keep 'em in hand well, or else we shall have

a stampede and a lot of drowning. I'll have the boats in the water by the time you're ready, and then you must hand up the passengers, women first."

"Ay, aye, sir."

"Wait a minute. If anyone won't do as he's bid, shoot. We must keep order."

The purser showed a pistol. "I put that in my pocket," said he, "when I heard her hit. Good-by, skipper, I'm sorry I haven't been a better shipmate to you."

"Good-by, Purser," said Kettle, "you aren't a bad sort."

Mr. Horrocks ran off below, and the chief officer came back with his report, which he whispered quietly in the shipmaster's ear. "It's fairly scratched the bottom off her. There's sixty feet gone, clean. Collision bulkhead's nowhere. There's half the Atlantic on board already."

"How long will she swim?"

"The carpenter said twenty minutes, but I doubt it."

"Well, away with you, Mr. Mate, and stand by your boat. Take plenty of rockets and distress lights, and if the fog lifts we ought to get picked up by the 'Georgic' before morning. She's close on our heels somewhere. If you miss her and get separated, make for St. John's."

"Aye, aye, sir."

"So long, Mr. Mate. Good luck to you."

"Good-by, skipper. Get to the inquiry if you can. I'll swear till all's blue that it wasn't your fault, and you may save your ticket yet."

"All right, Matey. I see what you mean. But I'm not going to shoot myself this journey. I've got the missis and the kids to think about."

The mate ran off down the ladder, and Kettle had the upper bridge to himself. The decks of the steamer glowed with flares and blue lights. A continuous stream of rockets spouted from her superstructure, far into the inky sky. The main fore-deck was already flush with the water, and on the hurricane deck aft, thrust up high into the air, frightened human beings bustled about like the inhabitants of some disturbed ant-hill.

Pair by pair the davit tackles screamed out, and the liner's boats kissed the water, rode there for a minute to their painters as they were loaded with the dense human freight, and then pushed off out of suction reach, and lay to. Dozen by dozen the passengers left the luxurious steam hotel, and got into the frail open craft which danced so dangerously in the clammy fog of that Atlantic night. Deeper the "Armenia's" fore part sank beneath the cold waters as her forward compartments swamped.

From far beneath him in the hold, Keetle could hear the hum of the bilge pumps as they fought the incoming sluices; and then at last those stopped, and a gush of steam burred from the twin funnels to tell that the engineers had been forced to blow off their boilers to save an explosion.

A knot of three men stood at the head of the port gangway ladder shouting for Kettle. He went gloomily down and joined them. They were the purser, the second mate, and Mr. Grimshaw.

Kettle turned with a blaze of fury on his suave tormentor. "Into the boat with you, sir. How do you dare to disobey my orders and stay behind when the passengers were ordered to go? Into the boat with you, or by James, I'll throw you there."

Mr. Robert Grimshaw opened his lips for speech.

"If you answer me back," said Kettle, "I'll shoot you dead."

Mr. Grimshaw went. He had a tolerable knowledge of men, and he understood that this ruined shipmaster would be as good as his word. He picked his way down the swaying ladder to where the white-painted lifeboat plunged beneath, finding footsteps with clumsy landsman's diffidence. He reached the grating at the foot of the ladder, and paused. The lifeboat surged up violently towards him over a sea, and then swooped down again in the trough.

"Jump, you blame' fool," the second mate yelled in his ear, "or the steamer will be down under us." And Grimshaw jumped, cannoned heavily against the boat's white gunwale, and sank like a stone into the black water.

At a gallop there flashed through Captain Kettle's brain a string of facts. He was offered ten thousand pounds if this man did not reach Liverpool; he himself would be out of employ, and back on the streets again; his wife and children would go hungry. Moreover, he had endured cruel humiliation from this man, and hated him poisonously. Even by letting him passively drown he would procure revenge and future financial easement. But then the memory of that Irish-American at the speaking-tube in the Bowery came back to him, and the thought of obliging a cowardly assassin like that drove all other thoughts from his mind. He thrust Horrocks and the

second mate aside, and dived into the waters after this passenger.

It is no easy thing to find a man in a rough sea and an inky night like that, and for long enough neither returned to the surface. The men in the lifeboat, fearing that the "Armenia" would founder and drag them down in her wash, were beginning to shove off, when the two bodies showed on the waves, and were dragged on board with boat-hooks.

Both were insensible, and in the press of the moment were allowed to remain so on the bottom gratings of the boat. Oars straggled out from her sides, frantically laboring, and the boat fled over the seas like some uncouth insect.

But they were not without a mark to steer for. Rockets were streaming up out of another part of the night, and presently, as they rowed on over that bleak watery desert, the outline of a great steamer shone out, lit up like some vast stage picture. The other boats had delivered up their freights, and been sent adrift. The second mate's boat rowed to the foot of her gangway ladder.

"This is the 'Georgic,'" said a smart officer, who received them. "You are the last boat. We've got all your other people unless you've lost any."

"No," said the second mate. "We're all right. That's the Old Man down there with his fingers in that passenger's hair."

"Dead?"

"No, I saw 'em both move as we came alongside."

"Well, pass 'em up and let's get 'em down to our doctor. Hurry now. We wanted to break the record this passage, and we've lost a lot of time already over you."

"Right-o," said the "Armenia's" second mate, drearily, "though I don't suppose our poor, old skipper will thank us for keeping him alive. After piling up the old 'Atrocity,' he isn't likely to ever get another berth."

"Man has to take luck as he finds it at sea," said the "Georgic's" officer, and shouted to the rail above him "All aboard, sir."

"Cast off that boat!" "Up gangway," came the orders, and the "Georgic" continued her race to the East.

HOLY COMMUNION.

BY THE RIGHT HON. W. E. GLADSTONE.

EDITOR'S NOTE.—This poem, written by Mr. Gladstone, has never been published before, but two stanzas from it, quoted from the original manuscript, have appeared in the London *Times*.

LORD, as Thy temple's portals close
  Behind the outward-parting throng,
So shut my spirit in repose,
  So bind it here, Thy flock among.
The fickle wanderer else will stray
Back to the world's wide parchèd way

Here where Thine angels overhead
  Do warn the Tempter's Powers away;
And where the bodies of the dead
  For life and resurrection stay;
And many a generation's prayer
Hath perfumed and hath blest the air;

O lead my blindness by the hand,
  Lead me to Thy familiar feast,
Not here or now to understand,
  Yet even here and now to taste,
How the Eternal Word of heaven
On earth in broken bread is given.

We who this holy precinct round
  In one adoring circle kneel,
May we in one intent be bound,
  And one serene devotion feel;
And grow around Thy sacred shrine
Like tendrils of the deathless vine.

We, who with one blest food are fed,
  Into one body may we grow,
And one pure Life, from Thee the Head,
  Informing all the members flow,
One pulse be felt in every vein,
One law of pleasure and of pain.

O let the virtue all divine,
  The gift of this true Sabbath morn,
Stored in my spirit's inner shrine,
  Be purely and be meekly borne,
Be husbanded with thrifty care
And sweetened and refreshed with prayer:

Like some deposit rarely wrought,
  And to be rendered up to Thee
In righteous deed and holy thought,
  In soul-desires Thy face to see,
Then freely to be poured as rain
In grace upon the heart again.

Cease we not then to adore
  When our footsteps pass away
From this House's hallowed floor:
  Let us worship all the day
By a soul to Thee resigned
And by the love of human kind.

In the silence of the tongue,
  In the stillness of the hand,
Thy songs, my heart, be not unsung;
  All thy wild desires command
Into a celestial calm:
Sprinkle them with angel's balm:

Nor for this day alone, but all,
  Till soon again in holy fear
Upon our present Lord we call
  And hold with Him Communion here,
Discerning from our earthly food
His broken Body and His Blood.

W. E. G. 1836.

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"WHILE THE EVIL DAYS COME NOT."

A BOYVILLE STORY.

By William Allen White,

Author of "The King of Boyville," and other Stories.

"We duck through the court, reminded a bit by our feelings of our first love, who hadn't the cleanest of faces, or the nicest of manners; but she takes her station in our memory because we were boys then, and the golden halo of youth is upon her."—*George Meredith.*

WHAT little things turn great events! Tragedies swing on such inconsequential hinges. It is so exasperating to look back over the path of a calamity and see how easily it might have been averted! If one man in the little town of Lawrence a generation ago had eaten two pieces of pie-plant pie instead of three for supper, the night of a certain party caucus, he would have attended that caucus and another set of delegates would have gone to the County convention, another would have been sent to the State convention, another Governor of Kansas would have been nominated and elected, and he would have chosen another United States Senator, who would have voted for, instead of against, the impeachment of a President of the United States, and the history of the civilized world would have been an entirely different affair from the one now in use.

"chased the little girls around the yard with it."

Similarly, if Winfield Hancock Pennington, of the town of Boyville, had slipped his shoes off in the second block from his home, instead of slipping them off in the first block, on his way to school, a great shadow that settled over his life might have been lifted. For if he had not been sitting exactly where he sat on the curbing of the street on that bright, beautiful Monday morning in September, slipping off his shoes and stockings, he would have found no garter snake to kill; and not having killed the snake, he could not have brought it to school on a stick; and not having brought it to school on a stick, he could not have chased the little girls around the yard with it before the teacher came. And if he had not been doing that, he would not have conceived the chivalrous notion that he might gain the esteem of his Heart's Desire by frightening her with a snake. And if Winfield Hancock Pen-

". . . to sit and sing with her during the opening hour."

nington had not made his Heart's Desire angry—without giving her a chance to cool off—she would not have invited Harold Jones to sit and sing with her during the opening hour. But probably all that happened had to happen in the course of things; so speculation is idle. But when it did happen, it seemed to be a hopeless case. Young Mr. Pennington had lived through the day, a week before, when the teacher changed his seat so that he could not see his Heart's Desire smile; but he knew that she was sorry with him, and that helped a little. But when he saw Harold Jones singing from the same book with his Heart's Desire, he tried in vain to catch the fragment of a smile from her. Instead of a smile, he found her threatening to make a face if he persisted. Piggy seemed to be buried in an avalanche of woe. Then it was that he saw what a small thing had started the avalanche of calamity thundering down upon him, and he smarted with remorse. In his anguish he tried to sing alto, and made a peculiar rasping sound that tore a reproof for him off the teacher's nerves.

Harold Jones —"Mealy."

From the hour of the Jones boy's triumph, he and Winfield Hancock Pennington—familiarly known as "Piggy"—became boon companions. A grown-up outsider might have wondered at such a friendship, for Harold Jones, who answered to the name of "Mealy" on the play-ground, was a pale, thin youth, with a squeaky voice. His skimmed-milk eyes popped out over a waste of freckles which blurred his features and literally weighted down a weak, loosely-wired jaw and kept an astonished mouth opened for hours at a time. Piggy, on the other hand, was a sturdy, chunky, blue-eyed boy, who had fought his way up to glory in the school, and who had run and jumped, and tumbled and swam, and bantered himself into right to be King of Boyville. Chummery between the two boys seemed impossible, yet it was one of the things which every school expects in a certain crisis. When the affair is reversed, the two little girls go about breathing undying hatred for one another. But a boy begins to consume his rival with politeness, to seek him out from all other beings on earth, to study his tastes and cater to his humors. And so, while the comradeship between Piggy Pennington and Mealy Jones was built on ashes, its growth was beautiful to see.

"To study his tastes."

In all their hours of close communion neither boy mentioned to the other the name of the little girl in the red shawl and the paint-brush pigtails whose fitful fancy had brought on all his trouble. In some mysterious way each managed to shower her with picture cards, to compass her about with oranges, to embower her desk with flowers; but it was all done in stealth, and she who was the object of this devotion rewarded it openly and—also for the vanity of her sex—impartially. All the school watched the battle of the hearts eagerly. The big boys, who usually know as little about the social transactions beneath them as the teacher knows, felt an inkling of the situation. The red-headed Pratt girl became deeply interested in the affair, though she was never invited to a party in the school's aristocracy. She did

". . . the comradeship . . . was beautiful to see."

not even get an invitation to Bud Perkins's surprise party, where everyone who had any social standing was expected. Yet she saw all that went on in the school, and once she all but smiled sympathetically at Piggy, when she met him slipping away from his Heart's Desire's desk, wherein he had left a flock of Cupids nestling in a perfumed blotter, and a candy sheep. Mealy Jones would have snubbed the Pratt girl if she had caught him thus, but Piggy gave her a wink that made her his partner. After that hour the Pratt girl became his scout. The next day she blundered. That Friday was burned into Piggy Pennington's memory with a glowing brand.

". . . could only snap chalk . . . in a preoccupied way."

The trouble occurred in this way: On the Friday following Piggy's black Monday, the King of Boyville decided to resort to an heroic measure. In his meditative moments Piggy had made up speeches addressed to his Heart's Desire wherein he had proposed reconciliation at any sacrifice save that of honor. Twice during those four days he had stood by his Heart's Desire during the recess, while they had looked out at the play-ground. But the words next to his heart had sputtered and bubbled into nothing on his lips. He could only snap chalk at the young gentlemen in the yard below him in a preoccupied way and listen to his Heart's Desire rattle on about the whims of her fractions and the caprices of her spelling-lesson. Friday noon, Winfield Hancock Pennington took a header into the Rubicon. In the deserted school-room, just after the other youngsters had gone to dinner or to play, Piggy, with much wiggling of his toes, with much hard breathing, and with many facial contortions, wrote a note. He gave it to the Pratt girl to deliver. When the first bell was ringing that noon, Piggy was piling up the primary urchins in wiggling, squealing piles at "crack the whip." During the fifteen minutes that followed, he was charging up and down the yard, howling like a Comanche, at "pullaway." But run as he would, yell as he would, and wrestle as he would, Piggy could not escape the pictures that rose in his mind of a boy wearing his features and using his body, writing the note that he had written. When dismembered words and phrases from that note rose to his mind on the play-ground, the quaver of terror that rose in Piggy's whoop was not dissembled. Sometimes fear froze his vitals, then a flush of self-abasement burned him with its flames. And all the time he knew that the Pratt girl had that note. He almost hoped that an earthquake would swallow her with it before she could deliver it. When Piggy came straggling in, hot, sweaty, and puffing, just as the teacher was tapping the tardy-bell, a wave of peace swept over him. His Heart's Desire was not at her desk. He knew that he had still a few moments' reprieve.

They were singing when his Heart's Desire came in. Piggy's head was tilted back to give his voice full volume as he shouted, "All jewels, precious jewels, His loved and his own." His eyes were half closed in an ecstasy, and he did not turn his face toward the paint-brush pig-tails, nor give any sign that he knew of their owner's presence. Yet when she passed his desk, his voice did not quaver, nor his eyes blink, nor his countenance redden, as his foot darted out for her to trip over. She tripped purposely, thereby accepting affection's tribute, and was glad.

"The red-headed Pratt girl."

To elaborate the

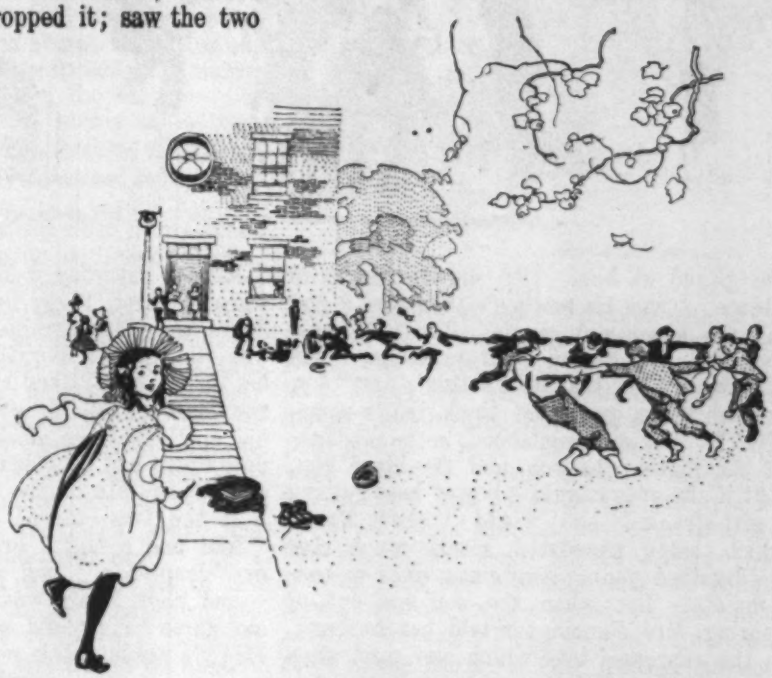
tale of how the Pratt girl blundered with Piggy Pennington's note would be depressing. For it holds in its barbed meshes a record of one agonizing second in which Piggy saw the folded paper begin to slip and slide down the incline of his Heart's Desire's desk, whereon the Pratt girl had dropped it; saw the two girls grab for it; heard it crash from the seat to the floor with what seemed to him a deafening roar. Nor is this all that the harrowing tale might disclose. It might dilate upon the horror that wrenched Piggy's spine as he watched the teacher's finger crook a signal for the note to be brought forward. It would be manifestly cruel and clearly unnecessary to describe the forces which impelled the psychic wave of suggestion that inundated the school —even to the youth of the "B" class, with his head under the desk, looking for a pencil —and gave every demon there gleeful knowledge that the teacher had nabbed the note and would probably read it aloud. It is enough to submit the plain, but painful, statement that, when the teacher tapped her pencil for attention, a red ear, a throbbing red ear, flared out from either side of Piggy Pennington's Fourth Reader, while not far away a pair of pig-tails bristled up with rage and humiliation from a desk where a little girl's head lay buried in her arms. The teacher unfolded the crackling paper. Would anyone but a savage enjoy the recital of the fact about the barbaric mirth that inspired peal after peal of laughter as the teacher read these words?

Friend Mary.—Did you mean anything by letting Him sing with you. I dont care if you did but I never don anything to deserve it, but if you dident I am very sorry, will tell you bout it at the partey. Well that is all I can think of today, from

Yourse Ever,
WIN PENNINGTON.

P. S. If you still meen what you sed about roses red and vilets blue all right and so do I. W H P.

Piggy waded home though blood that night. The boys could not resist calling out "Friend Mary" or "Hello, Roses Red," though each boy knew that his taunt would bring on a fight. Piggy fought boys who were three classes above him. He whipped groups of boys of assorted sizes from the lower grades; but the fighting took him away from his trouble, and in most cases he honored his combatants. He was little the worse for wear when he chased the last swarm of primary urchins into his father's cow lot, fastened them in, and went at them one by one with a shingle. A child living next door to the Penningtons had brought the news of Piggy's disgrace to the neighborhood, and by supper-time Mrs. Pennington knew the worst. While the son and heir of the house was bringing in his wood and doing his chores about the barn, he felt something in the air about the kitchen which warned him that new tortures awaited him.



". . . was piling up the primary urchins in wiggling, squealing piles."

A boy would rather take a dozen whippings at school than have the story of one of them come home; and Piggy thought with inward trembling that he would rather report even a whipping at home than face his mother in the dishonor which covered him. At supper Mrs. Pennington repeated the legend of the note with great solemnity. When her husband showed signs of laughing.

". . . fought boys who were three classes above him . . . whipped groups of boys of assorted sizes."

she glared at him. Her son ate rapidly in silence. Over his mother's shoulders Piggy saw the hired girl giggle. The only reply that Mrs. Pennington could get to her questions was, "Aw, that ain't nothin'," or "Aw, gee whiz, ma, you must think that's somethin'." But she proclaimed, in the presence of the father, the son, and the hired girl, that if she ever caught a boy of hers getting "girl-struck" she would "show him," which, being translated, means much that no dignified young gentleman likes to contemplate. But when the son was out of hearing, Mrs. Pennington told her husband, in the repressed tone which she used when expressing her diplomatic communications, that he would have "to take that boy in hand." Whereupon the father leaned back in his chair and laughed, laughed until he grew red in the face, laughed till the pans in the kitchen rattled, laughed—to use the words of his wife in closing the incident—"like a natural born simpleton." And the son—alas for Piggy Pennington—he might affect great pride in his amours when the hired girl teased him; he might put on a brave face and even lure himself into the belief that this arch tormentor saw him only as a gay deceiver; but when the lights were out, Piggy covered his head with the bed-clothes, and grew hot and cold by turns, till sleep came and bore him away from his humiliation.

". . . watched the teacher's finger crook a signal for the note to be brought forward."

All day Saturday, before the Bud Perkins surprise party, Piggy Pennington and Mealy Jones were inseparable. And Piggy, who was the King of Boyville, came down from his throne and walked humbly beside Mealy, the least of all his courtiers. In fact, in his noctivagations since the reading of his note Piggy had become needlessly deferential and considerate of the feelings of his rival.

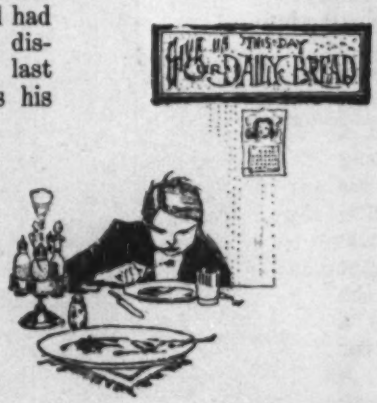
If the two entered a crowd and played "foot and a half" or "slap and a kick" or "leap-frog," and if Mealy was "it"—and poor Mealy was generally "it" in any game—Piggy did not jump viciously on Mealy's wobbly back, nor did he slap hard, nor kick hard, as he would have slapped and kicked on other days, before he descended from his throne to dwell with the beasts of the field on that fatal Friday. Pride kept Mealy on the rack.

Time and again his little, freckled, milky face hit the moist springy ground as Bud or Abe or Jim bumped into him at their play. He was glad when the day ended and he could go home. For Mealy Jones abhorred the dirt that begrimed his face and soiled his white starched collar. He liked to play in lukewarm water, to slosh in the suds, and to rub his soft little hands whiter and whiter in the foam. His cleanliness pleased his mother, and she boasted of it to the

mothers of other boys—mothers of boys with high-water marks just above their shirt collars; of boys who had to be yanked back to the roller-towel after washing to have their ears rubbed; of bad, bad, bad boys who washed their feet in the dew of the grass at night and told their mothers that they had washed them in the tub at the pump; of wicked and sinful boys who killed toads and cried noisily when their warts bled in the hot water; in fact, to the mothers of nearly all the boys in Boyville. And thus it came about that Boyville, having Mealy Jones set before it as a model child, contracted a cordial hate for him, and rose against him when he presumed to contest with Piggy for his Heart's Desire. Yet all Boyville loved a fight, and all Boyville goaded the King to wrath, teased him, bantered him, and even pretended to doubt his worth. Therefore, when Piggy Pennington, the King of Boyville, dressed for the party that night in his Sunday clothes and his Sunday shoes and limped down the sidewalk to the Jones's, where the boys and girls were to meet before descending upon Bud Perkins, there was rancor in the royal heart and maternal hair-oil on the royal head. But a strange throb of glad pain in the pit of the royal stomach came at the thought of the two bright eyes that would soon meet his own. The eyes made him forget his blistering shoes, and a smile at the door divested his mind of the serrated collar upon which his head had been pivoting for five distracted minutes. The last thing of all to go was his pride in the hair-oil, but it fell before a voice that said: "Well, you got here, did you?"

"... saw the hired girl giggle."

That was all. But it was enough to make Piggy Pennington feel the core of a music-box turning inside him, while outside the company saw the King of Boyville transformed into a very red and very sweaty youth holding madly to the back of his cuffs and chuckling deliriously. In a daze he took off his hat, and put a sack of oranges, his part in the evening's refreshment, on a table in the next room. When he regained consciousness, Piggy noticed that Mealy Jones, who had pranced into the room with much unction, was sitting next to his Heart's Desire. The children were making merry chatter. Piggy took his place on the end of a lounge, and turning his back to the guilty pair, gave an "injin" pinch to Jimmy Sears, with orders to "pass it on." Indeed, so unconcerned was Piggy in the progress of the affair behind him that he began to shove the line of the boys on the lounge; the shoving grew into a shuffle, and the shuffle into a wrestle, which ended on the front porch. At length Piggy stalked through the room where the girls were sitting, saying, when he returned with his oranges and his hat: "Come on, fellers, everybody's here."



"Her son ate rapidly in silence."

The boys on the porch followed Piggy's example, and in a minute or two they stood huddled at the gate calling at the girls in the house to hurry. When the girls were on the porch, the boys struck out, and the two groups, a respectful distance apart, walked through the town. Mealy Jones was enjoying the triumph of his life, walking proudly between the noisy boys and giggling girls beside—but why linger over the details of this instance of man's duplicity and woman's worse than weakness.

The young blades of the Court of Boyville waited politely at the gate before the house where Bud Perkins lived with Miss Morgan, his foster mother. When the maidens arrived, all the company went trooping up Miss Morgan's steps. After Piggy had chased Bud from the front door into a closet, from which the host fought his

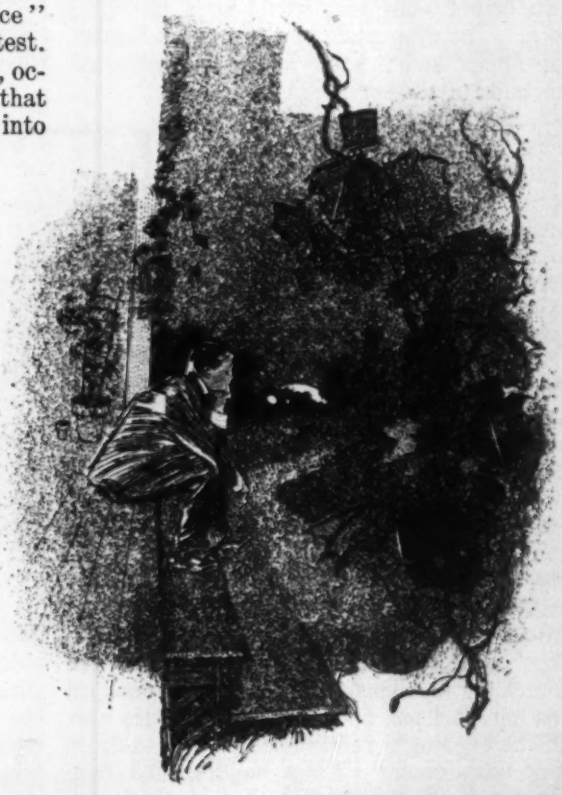
". . . boasted of it to the mothers of other boys."

way gallantly into the middle of the parlor floor, the essential preliminaries of the evening's entertainment were over. A little later the games began. First, there was "forfeits." Then came "tin-tin." "Clap in and clap out," followed, and finally, after much protestation from the girls, but at the earnest solicitation of Mealy Jones, "post-office" started. Piggy did not urge, nor protest. He had gone through the games listlessly, occasionally breaking into a spasm of gaiety that was clearly hollow, and afterwards sinking into profound indifference. For how could a well-conditioned boy be gay with a heartache under his Sunday shirt and the spectacle before his eyes of a freckled human cock-sparrow darting round and round the bower of his Heart's Desire? Under such circumstances it was manifestly impossible for him to see the eyes that sought his in vain across the turmoil of the room. Indeed, a voice pitched a trifle high to carry well spoke for him to hear, but met deaf ears. A little maid in a black-and-red check which the King of Boyville once preferred to royal purple even made her way across the throng—undesignedly, he thought, but Piggy basked in the joy of her presence and made no sign to show his pleasure. A little later, in the shuffle of the game, Piggy and his Heart's Desire were far apart. Half an hour passed, but still he did not revive. Mealy Jones called her out in "post-office," and Piggy thought he saw a smile mount her brow. That was too much. When the dining-room closed behind the black-and-red checked dress, the pitcher that enclosed his woe broke and the wheel at the cistern of his endurance stopped. Mealy Jones came into the room, and the boy who kept the "post-office" called out, "Piggy Pennington." But the slam of the front door was his answer.

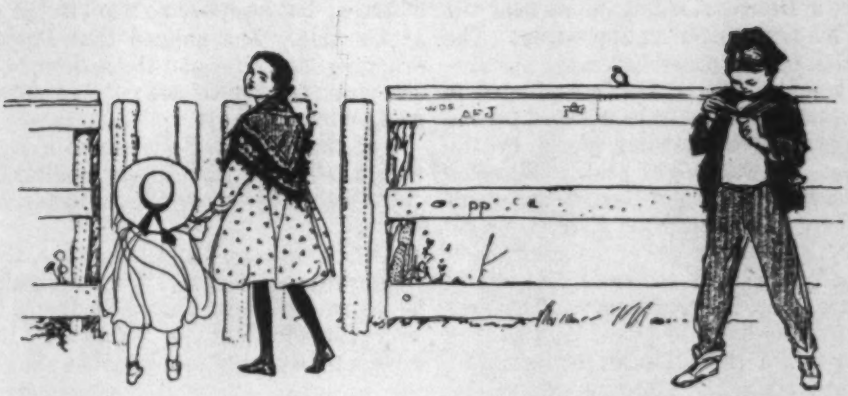
Piggy sat on the front porch, and reviewed the entire affair. It began when his Heart's Desire had fluttered into his autograph album with a coy:

"When this you see
Remember me."

He followed the corrugated course of true love step by step up to its climax where, a week before, she had given him his choice of her new pack of assorted visiting-cards. He rose at the end of five minutes' somber meditation, holding the curling gelatine card of his choice in his warm hand. After venting a heavy sigh, he checked a motion to throw away the token of his undoing and put it back into his pocket. While he was plotting dark things against the life and happi-



". . . sat on the front porch, and reviewed the entire affair."



". . . had fluttered into his autograph album."

ness of Mealy Jones, Piggy heard the sound of the merriment within, and a mischievous smile spread over his angry countenance. He tiptoed to the window, and peeped in. He saw his Heart's Desire sitting alone. He cheered up a little, not much—but sufficiently to reach in his pocket for his tick-tack.

Now, it may be clearly proved, if necessary, that the tick-tack was invented by the devil. Any wise man's son knows that every boy between the ages of ten and fourteen carries with him at all times a complete outfit of the mechanical devices on which the devil holds the patent and demands a royalty. So there is nothing really strange in the statement that Piggy Pennington took from his Sunday clothes, beneath a pocketful of Rewards of Merit for regular attendance at Sunday-school—all dated before the Christmas-tree—a spool with notched wheels, a lead pencil, and a bit of fishline. The line wound round the spool. Piggy put the pencil through the hole in the spool, and held the notched rims of the spool against the window pane by pressing on the pencil axle. He gave the cord a quick jerk; a rattle, a wail, and a shriek were successively produced by the notches whirring on the glass. The company within doors screamed. Everyone knew it was Piggy, but no one ever lived with nerves strong enough to withstand the shock of a tick-tack. At the first shock those in-doors decided to ignore the disturbance. But it occurred twice afterwards, and a third tick-tack at a party is a dare. So the boys took it up. As Piggy ran he forgot his hot, heavy shoes; he felt the night wind on his face and in his hair. He cared nothing for his pursuers; he ran for the gladness that came with running. Now he slackened his pace and let the boys catch up with him, and again he spread the mocking distance between them. He turned down an alley, and eluded the pack.

"A little maid in a black and-red chec.."

"At this important bit of repartee."

All the youngsters at the party, even the girls, had scampered out of the house to watch the race. When Piggy vaulted the back-yard fence into Miss Morgan's garden, he heard the pursuers half a block away. He saw, a hundred feet distant, a bevy of girls standing on the sidewalk. And he saw, too, as he came bounding down the lot, something that made him fairly skim over the earth:

his Heart's Desire standing alone near the porch in his path under an apple-tree. The exhilaration of the chase had made him forget his trouble. He was so sure-footed in the race that he forgot to be abashed for the moment and came bounding down by the apple-tree. He was full of pride. When he stopped he was the King of Boyville and every inch a king. The king—not Piggy—should be blamed. It was all over in a second—almost before he had stopped. He aimed at her cheek, but he got her ear. That was the first that he knew of it. Piggy seemed to return to life then. In his confusion he felt himself shriveling up to his normal size—shriveling and frying. In an instant he was gone, and Piggy Pennington ran into the group of girls on the sidewalk and let them catch him and hold him. The breathless youths went into the house telling their adventures in the race between gasps. But Piggy did not dare to look at his Heart's Desire for as much as five minutes—a long, long time. No one had seen him beneath the apple-tree. He was not afraid of the teasing, but he was afraid of a withering look from his Heart's Desire—a look that he felt with a parching fear in his throat would throw the universe into an eclipse for him. He observed that she got up and changed her seat, to be rid of Mealy Jones. At first Piggy thought that was a good sign, but a moment later he reasoned that the avoidance of Mealy was inspired probably by a loathing for all boys. He dared not seek her eyes, but he mingled noisily in the crowd for a while, and then, on a desperate venture, carelessly snapped a peanut shell and hit his Heart's Desire on the chin. He seemed to be looking a thousand miles away in another direction than that which the missile took. He waited nearly a minute—a long, uncertain minute—for a response.

Then the shell came back; it did not hit him—but it might have done so—that was all he could ask. He snapped shells slyly for a quarter of an hour, and was happy. Once he looked—not exactly looked; perhaps peeked is the better word; took just the tiniest lightning peek out of the tail of his eye, and found a smile waiting for him. At supper, if anyone save Piggy had tried to take a chair by his Heart's Desire when the plates came around, there would have been a fight. Mealy Jones knew this, and he knew what Piggy did not know, that it would have been a fight of two against one. So Piggy sat bolt upright in his chair beside the black-and-red checked dress, and talked to the room at large; but he spoke no word to the maiden at his side. She noticed that Piggy kept dropping his knife, and the solicitude of her sex prompted her to ask: "Are your hands cold, Winfield?"

And the instinct of his sex to hide a fault with a falsehood made Piggy nod his head.

Then she answered: "Cold hands, a warm heart!"

At this important bit of repartee, the King of Boyville so forgot his royal dignity that he let an orange-peel drive at Jimmy Sears, and pretended not to hear her. His only reply was to joggle her arm when she reached for the cake. Piggy was so exuberant and in such high spirits that he put his plate on his chair and made Bud Perkins walk turkey fashion three times around the room. He forgot the disgrace which his note had brought to him in the school; he forgot the pretensions of Mealy Jones; he did not wish to forget the episode of the apple-tree, and for the time Piggy Pennington lived in a most peculiar world, made of hazel eyes and red-ribboned pig-tails, all circling around on a background of black-and-red checked flannel.

After that nothing mattered very much. It didn't matter that Piggy's shoes, which had bruised his feet in the race, began to sting like fire. It didn't matter much if Mealy Jones's mother did come for him with a lantern and break up the party. It didn't matter if Jimmy Sears did call out, "Hello, Roses Red," when the boys reached the bedroom where their hats were; for a voice that Piggy knew cried back from the adjoining room, "You think you're cute, don't you, old smarty?" Nothing in the world could matter then, for had not Piggy Pennington five minutes before handed a card to his Heart's Desire which read:

IF I MAY NOT C U HOME
MAY I NOT SIT ON THE FENCE
AND C U GO BY?

And had not she taken it, and said merrily, "I'm going to keep this." What could matter after that open avowal?

And so it came to pass in a little while that the goodly company, headed by the King of Boyville, filed gaily down the path. They walked two by two, and they started on a long, uneven way. But the King of Boyville was full of joy—a kind of joy so strange that wise men may not measure it; a joy so rare that even kings are proud of it.

GENERAL NELSON A. MILES AND HIS AIDE, LIEUTENANT-COLONEL MAUS, VIEWING THE MANŒUVERS OF THE RUSSIAN ARMY NEAR ST. PETERSBURG, IN HONOR OF THE PRESIDENT OF FRANCE.

MILITARY EUROPE.

By Major-General Nelson A. Miles.

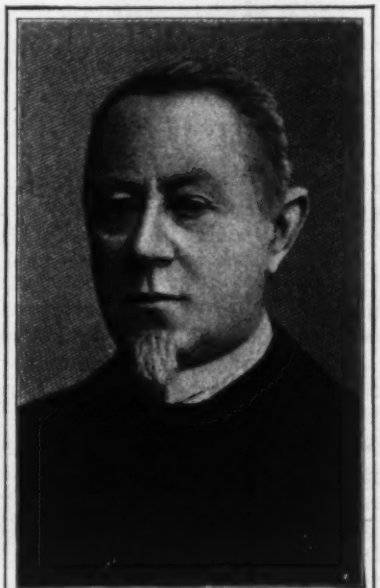
OBSERVATIONS AND EXPERIENCES AT THE AUTUMN MANŒUVERS IN RUSSIA, GERMANY, AND FRANCE.

THE autumn manœuvers in Europe are always of deep and important interest to military students. Each year officers from all of the principal countries of the world are sent by their governments to witness them, and to make reports upon them. Of late years they have been very elaborate in some of the countries, especially in Germany, France, and Russia. Many important lessons have been learned from observations made by military men in attendance on them, not only regarding tactical formations of troops, but also regarding all kinds of equipments, the quickest and safest means of transportation, and the food best adapted for troops while in actual service. Many of the modern appliances of war have been tested also in these campaigns, and their use exemplified. To the countries maintaining them, simply the benefit derived from the physical training of men and from the discipline is perhaps a sufficient reward for the time, money, and energy spent in organizing and carrying them out.

I was especially fortunate during my travels in Europe in 1897 in having opportunity to witness the manœuvers held at Kresnoe-Selo, near St. Petersburg, and the grand manœuvers in Germany, and part of those in the north of France. I arrived in Russia

OFFICERS OF THE RUSSIAN GENDARMERIE PRECEDING AN IMPERIAL TRAIN.

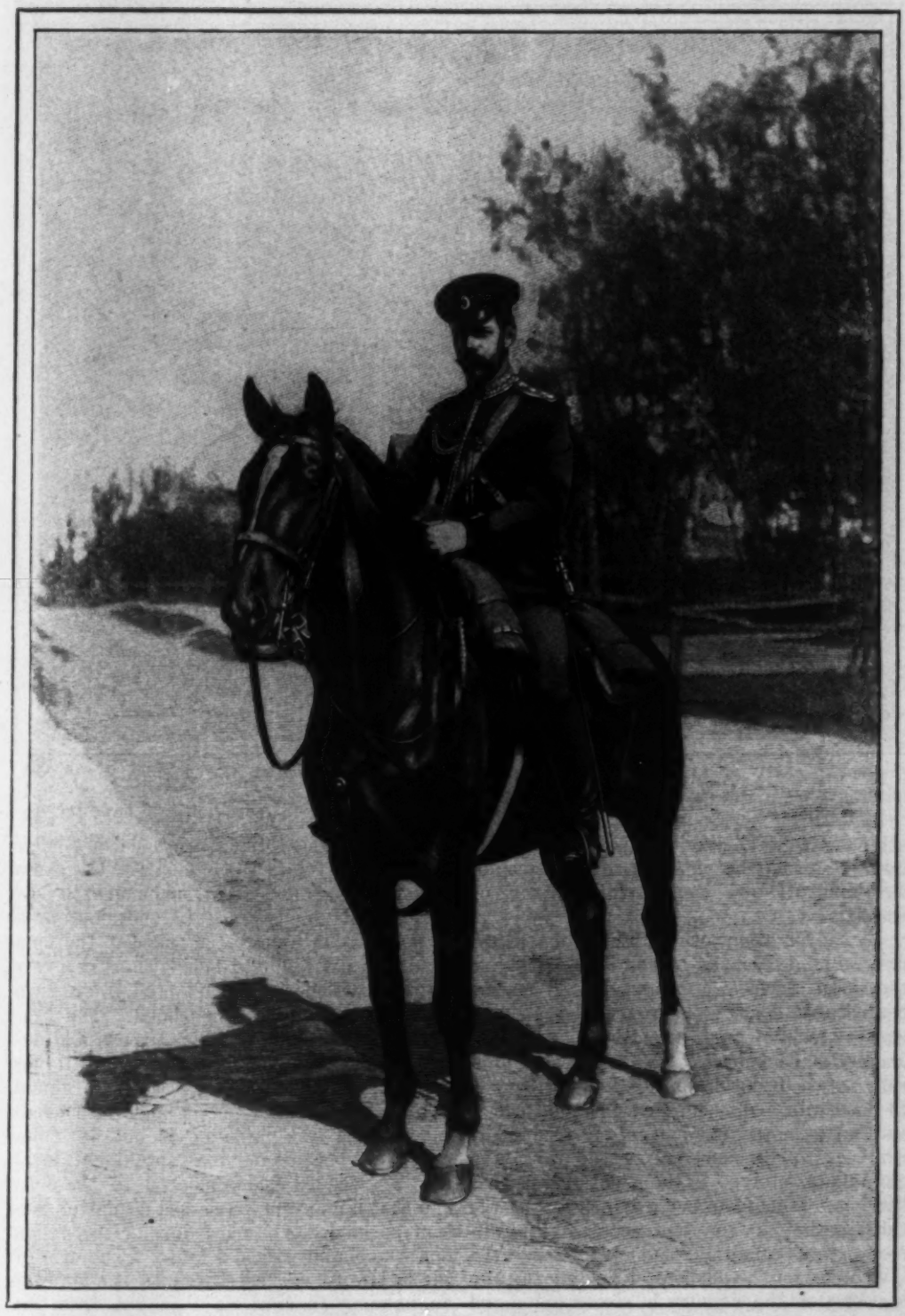
on the 15th of August. I had previously communicated with our representative at St. Petersburg, the Hon. Clifton R. Breckinridge, whom I had known very pleasantly for a number of years as a distinguished member of Congress from Arkansas, and who had represented our government with marked ability at the Russian court, and he had made known to the Russian Government my wish to witness their manœuvers and to see such other military exercises as it might please them to permit me to see. I was duly introduced by Mr. Breckinridge to the Ministers of War and Foreign Affairs. They received me in a most courteous and friendly way, showing a desire to extend every civility. A very accomplished and experienced officer of the chevalier-garde, Lieutenant Tsertzkoff, was detailed to report to me for duty during my stay, and two royal carriages were placed at my disposal, while the Emperor entertained me and my party as guests.



PRINCE KHILKOFF, RUSSIAN MINISTER OF PUBLIC WORKS.

From a photograph by Levitsky, St. Petersburg.

I had been but two days at St. Petersburg when I received an invitation, which amounted to a command, to visit Peterhof, undoubtedly the most attractive summer palace in the world, at the present time occupied by the Emperor and Empress as their summer home. At the palace I was granted an interview by His Majesty, and was received with marked cordiality. The Emperor's manner is frank and unostentatious, and there is nothing in his speech or deportment to impress one with the large power possessed by him, a young man, being only thirty years old. He speaks English perfectly, is thoroughly informed on all military matters, and in general appearance is as much a student as a soldier. He devotes much



NICHOLAS II., EMPEROR OF RUSSIA.

Nicholas II. succeeded to the Russian throne October 20, 1894. This portrait (from a photograph by De Jongh Frères, Paris) was taken while he was still Grand Duke.

THE ROYAL PARTY AT THE REVIEW OF RUSSIAN TROOPS, HELD IN HONOR OF THE PRESIDENT OF FRANCE. THE EMPEROR NICHOLAS IS SEEN STANDING AT THE DOOR OF THE TENT.

attention to civil affairs, and is especially interested in the internal improvements, development, and commercial welfare of Russia.

My conversation with the Emperor touched first on military matters, and then drifted to the subject which appeared to be the one nearest his heart—the great Siberian railway, a work of vast commercial, political, and military importance to Russia. He himself passed over the zone that the railway is to penetrate, before he ascended the throne, and he is now president of the company which is rapidly constructing the work. In our talk, I referred to the great change that had been wrought in our own country by the construction of the trans-continental railroads, first definitely projected during the Civil War, for the purpose of holding the two sections of the country in closer union and more loyal sentiment. These railroads, I told the Emperor, had transformed a vast area of wild territory and mountain waste into settled, civilized, thriving, progressive communities in the space of a single generation; and I added that I presumed a similar result would follow the opening of the great avenue of communication and commerce now being constructed across the enormous area of the Russian Empire. I asked if the land would be divided into subdivisions in a way similar to that we had adopted in our own country and found so beneficial. The Emperor said that this was his purpose and design, and that he hoped for gratifying results. I remarked that we had found that, by dividing our public lands into small subdivisions and parceling it out to colonists, they became our most intelligent, loyal citizens, wedded and anchored to the soil; and that a man who possessed a quarter section of land was a more loyal citizen than one who simply owned a knife. The use of the last word seemed to cause His Majesty an unhappy thought, as I judged from his expression, yet he instantly resumed his pleasant mood, and talked upon the subject of the development of that great section of his empire with much interest, and expressed great hope that the completion of

A GROUP OF COMMANDERS IN THE RUSSIAN ARMY AT THE GRAND REVIEW AT KRESNOE-SELO.

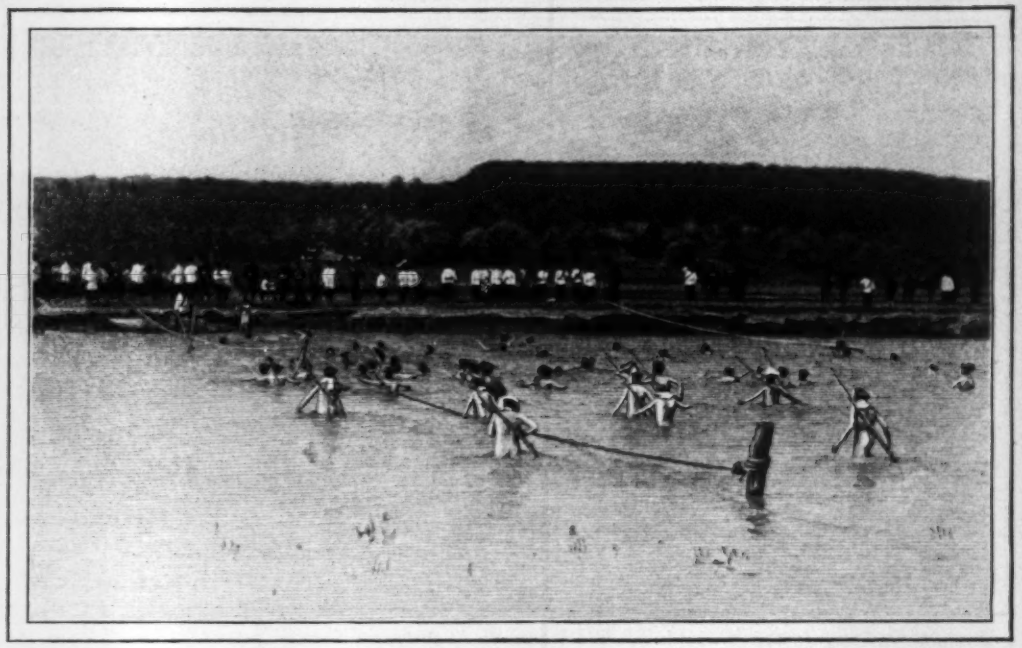
On the left, distinguishable by his white beard, is General Bilderlung, in conversation with the Grand Duke Vladimir, in the center. Facing them, on the right, is General Obrontcheff, recently retired from the command of the army.

the railroad would contribute to the welfare and benefit of the people of Russia.

The construction of the Siberian railway is under the supervision of one of the most remarkable men in Europe, Prince Khilkoff. Some twenty years ago Prince Khilkoff had a misunderstanding with his father, and declared that he would not receive any further assistance from his estate. He came to America and sought occupation. He found a humble position in a machine-shop in Philadelphia, and was first set to making bolts in a car factory. By his devotion to his work and by his intelligence and acquired skill, he passed through all the stages of that industry until he became superintendent of the establishment. He at one time ran a locomotive on the Pennsylvania Central Railroad, and in time acquired a thorough knowledge, not only of the construction and material of railroad appliances, but also of the mode of constructing and managing such systems of transportation. He at length returned to Russia, obtained a position in one of the great establishments of that country, and finally worked his way up to the responsible post of Minister of Public Works for the Russian Empire, which office he still holds. Prince Khilkoff speaks English perfectly, looks like an American, and is one of the brightest and strongest men I met during my journey. Two years ago he passed over the line of the Siberian railroad, and, crossing from Japan to San Francisco, traversed our country to New York, and so returned to St. Petersburg.

FIRST VISIT TO KRESNOE-SELO.

It was just after my visit to Peterhof that I went to Kresnoe-Selo to see the manœuvers of the Russian army. Kresnoe-Selo, or "Red Village," is situated about fifteen or twenty miles from St. Petersburg. Here annually a large camp is formed and manœuvers are carried out. There are more extended manœuvers in other sections of Russia: for example, they occur on a very extensive scale each year in Poland; but those I have understood are never witnessed by foreigners. Kresnoe-Selo is a very pretty village. It was purchased by the government as a field for manœuvers sixty years ago, and has gradually been improved until now it is admirably adapted to the purpose. There are barracks for the soldiers, hospitals for the sick, buildings for the officers, a special pavilion for the Emperor, with other suitable buildings for the Imperial family, a building in which the Emperor's mess is established, and quarters for the entertainment of guests who annually witness the evolutions. This camp is not occupied all the year round, as the English camp at



MANŒUVERS OF RUSSIAN SOLDIERS—THE PASSAGE OF A RIVER.

From a photograph by De Jongh Frères, Paris.

Aldershot, but after the exercises have been completed the troops retire to their stations.

The grand manœuvers began on the 21st, the troops engaged being those of the Grand Corps, in all about 35,000 to 40,000 men, divided into two corps. One corps, operating from the north, was slightly weaker than the other, but expected reinforcements from the railroad by way of Finland. The object of the southern force was to prevent the arrival of the reinforcements. It was a beautiful country for such a manœuver, and the place where we were to rendezvous and whither the Emperor was to repair was on a high point from which one could see the country for miles around. This was the key of the position for which a struggle was made by the southern force.

The use of cavalry as practiced in the Russian army was well shown here, as a large force with several horse-batteries was rapidly sent forward to dismount and occupy the hill and to hold it until the infantry forces from the north, coming down in two large columns, should arrive. The movement was well executed. The batteries had just been placed in position when the advance of the southern force was seen approaching, the forces proceeding in long columns covered by cavalry, while away to the front patrols could be seen moving. The northern army having occupied its lines of battle, the cavalry moved off to its left. Shortly afterwards the cavalry of the south could be seen rapidly approaching; then a charge was made, the two cavalry columns meeting. It was exceedingly interesting. The result was the defeat of the northern cavalry, which retired and reformed some distance to the rear. Heavy artillery firing now commenced from the south. It was kept up for a long time, and was such as in actual war would have been very severe. It was replied to by a number of batteries well stationed along the line of the defence. The attack was made by the southern force in regular order, line after line advancing to the attack, well supported according to the modern attack formation. The fire was very intense. It was kept up all along the line for perhaps an hour, until at last the force made a charge, each line passing through the other, when the recall was sounded. The final result of the manœuvers was not published, but in all probability the northern forces would have been successful in resisting the attack made upon them.

The Emperor, who is a most active and energetic man, evinced great personal interest in all the manœuvers and exercises of the troops during the encampment, and made his headquarters at the camp during the entire time. He was present each day, and witnessed carefully each movement. Each

ARRIVAL OF PRESIDENT FAURE AT CRONSTADT TO VISIT THE EMPEROR OF RUSSIA, AUGUST 23, 1897.

The Emperor is presenting his generals, aides-de-camp, and admirals to the President of France. The Grand Dukes Vladimir and Alexis are seen standing in the doorway on the left. In the center are President Faure and the Emperor Nicholas, and just beside the Emperor, leaning on his sword, is Admiral Tchikalcheff.

day notifications were given as to the manner of dress and the exact hour and point of rendezvous. The Grand Duke Vladimir ordered the general plan of operations day by day, but great latitude was left to commanding officers, and they were invited, as is the custom in foreign armies, to show originality and energy in carrying out their special movements. The successful handling of troops was a matter of especial commendation by the Emperor, whose desire appeared to be to give his officers that experience which would fit them for command in actual war.

Just after the manœuvers ended I had an opportunity to see a most imposing review of the Russian troops, held in honor of President Faure, of the French Republic. The French President reached Cronstadt, the harbor of St. Petersburg, on the morning of August 23d. Here the Emperor and his suite met him and conducted him to Peterhof, where in the evening a grand banquet was given. The next day the entire company at Peterhof went to St. Petersburg, where a wildly enthusiastic popular reception was accorded the distinguished visitor. The most exacting Frenchman could not have demanded more. One could not but contrast this demonstration over the visit of the French President with the mission and reception of the great Corsican some eighty-five years before, and marvel at the rapidity with which the events of the past are forgotten when the interests of the present and welfare of the future are before a people or government.

The review took place at Kresnoe-Selo, the Emperor and the Empress, with the President and their other guests, going to the field by rail. On arriving, the royal party repaired at once to what was called the Tribune of Honor, a great artificial mound built up at one side of the field and covered with sod. On it was erected a tent for their convenience. From this stand the President and the Empress watched the review. The Emperor and the grand dukes and the mili-

EMPEROR WILLIAM OF GERMANY AND EMPEROR FRANCIS JOSEPH OF AUSTRIA.
From a photograph by Strelisky, Budapest.

tary representatives of other powers were ranged in line at the base of the Tribune. The review was one of the finest military displays I have ever witnessed. An interesting feature of the review was the way in which the Emperor expressed his satisfaction. If a regiment pleased him he called out in a strong voice: "Well done, my men;" and immediately the troops to whom the remark was addressed answered, as if in one voice: "We are glad to do our best for Your Majesty." The most dramatic incident which occurred was the passing in front of the Tribune of Honor of Prince Louis Napoleon, at the head of his company of Russian troops, the Czar and the President both graciously acknowledging his salute as he passed.

From the observations of the Russian army which I was able to make at the review at Kresnoe-Selo, and during the manœuvers, I concluded that it is exceedingly well equipped, well disciplined, and well armed for any purpose, and that its officers are skilled and accomplished. Most of the officers belong to the aristocracy, and are highly educated. They are the best military linguists in Europe. The Grand Duke Vladimir is an ideal field marshal and a very able general, and in him evidently the Emperor has great confidence. The Grand Duke Alexis is the head of the Navy Department. In my conversation with him, he referred with great pleasure to his visit and entertainment in our country, and to the famous hunts in which he took part on the Plains.

The Russian army is, I think, capable of greater endurance in the field than any other in Europe. The infantry and artillery are composed of strong, hardy men, and the cavalry are unexcelled. The Cossacks constitute perhaps the best of the mounted troops. The horses are strong, hardy, and well fitted for the hardships and fatigues that campaigns require. In fact, the Russian horses, I believe, are the best in the world. The Russian people take better care of their horses than any people I have ever known. They are strong, well fed, and full of spirit, and not mutilated in the cruel manner in which we find them in too many other countries of Europe and in our own country. In Russia it is considered bad form for a driver to carry a whip, and I never saw during my stay there a horse that appeared to be ill treated or ill fed.

Every man in Russia is liable to military service from his twenty-first year. Nearly 900,000 reach this age every year in the empire, and of these about 275,000 are taken into the active army. The best are placed in the reserve, which is of two classes. Those in the active army serve five years, and those in the reserve serve one, three, and five, according to the class. These

EMPEROR WILLIAM OF GERMANY AND KING HUMBERT OF ITALY.

From a photograph by Jacobi, Metz.

latter drill six weeks twice a year. These are the periods in European Russia; they differ somewhat in Asia and Caucasia. The total peace footing of the army, including "all the Russians"—that is, Russia in Europe, Siberia, Turkistan and Finland—amounts, according to the latest figures, to 33,529 officers, 835,143 men, 155,478 horses. The actual war footing is more difficult to ascertain; but, according to the most conservative estimate, it is probable that Russia could, in case of war, mobilize with tolerable ease in first line of battle an army of at least 1,355,000 men, with a reserve of about 1,100,000. That is, she would have at her command a force of 2,455,000, with perhaps 55,000 officers and a half million horses. If one considers the efficiency of the troops and the officers, something of the military strength of the empire is realized.

THE GERMAN MANŒUVERS.

From St. Petersburg I went to Berlin, where I had my first look at the German troops. This was at a review of the Guard Corps, undoubtedly the best corps of the German army, by the Emperor and Empress. At the close of the ceremony, I was presented to the Emperor. His Majesty, drilled from boyhood in military duties, is a thorough soldier and an intense enthusiast in military matters. The Empress, mounted on a splendid charger, presented a very beautiful appearance in her three-cornered chapeau and the bright white uniform of her regiment. She seemed to have the devotion and affection of the army quite as much as the sovereign.

From Berlin I went to Homburg, whither I had been invited to witness the grand manœuvers of the German army. These manœuvers took place a little way from the town, the principal territory manœuvered over being that to the east, in the vicinity of Hanau and Frankfort. The Emperor had his headquarters at Homburg. The Duke of Cambridge was there, and was present at a great review of the Eleventh Army Corps which took place on the 4th of September,

on which occasion the troops presented a most magnificent appearance. There were present at this review, in addition to the Emperor and Empress; the Grand Duchess of Hesse, the honorary colonel of one of the regiments; and King Humbert and Queen Margaretta of Italy.

The corps was about 33,000 strong, one of the largest in the German army. It was interesting to see the King of Italy, who was honorary colonel of one of the regiments, take his place at the head of the regiment and pass in review before the Emperor. The Grand Duchess of Hesse also passed in review at the head of her regiment. The Emperor left the stand twice, and took command of regiments of which he was honorary colonel, leaving the King of Italy on the reviewing stand to pass these regiments in review. Twice they passed, once in column of companies, batteries, and squadrons; again in line of battalions, the cavalry and artillery at a gallop, in perfect order, presenting a magnificent appearance. That night, as well as after the review at Berlin, we were all entertained by the Emperor at a state dinner. A speech was made by Emperor William, full of kindly feeling for Italy, and a reply was made by King Humbert, with equally friendly expressions, from which it was evident that the Triple Alliance was still in strong force. The manœuvers began on the 6th of September, and ended on the 10th. They were the most extensive ever held in Germany in time of peace. There were 117,000 men in all engaged. This force was about four times as great as that at Kresnoe-Selo, and about 50,000 larger than that at the French manœuvers which, in part, I witnessed later. The labor of organizing, equipping, transporting, and supplying such an army must have been immense. All of this had been worked out by the general staff of Germany, and maps had been provided which were models in themselves, by which, from day to day, the movements of the troops could be seen and followed with great ease.

The great problem in the German manœuvers was to bring a great army into the field and operate against an invading army which had crossed the Rhine from the west. For the purpose the forces were divided into two armies. The western, or invading army, was represented by a portion of the troops under General Count Von Haesler; while the eastern, or army of defense, was commanded by Prince Leopold of Bavaria, the two being nearly equal in strength. The western army was composed of Prussians, while Prince Leopold's army was composed of Bavarians. We were provided with horses and orderlies, and proceeded each day by train near to the field of action, where, following the Emperor, we witnessed the manœuvers. Many miles were covered by the troops, and it was necessary to ride long distances to see the action. The use of troops of all the branches was exemplified. The various modes of attack and defense in modern warfare were shown. Long and weary marches were made by the troops in accomplishing all of this. Much of the time it rained, and it was far from easy service. In fact, except for the danger of war, perhaps the troops suffered as much hardship as they would in actual campaign, and yet they seemed well supplied, and there were few accidents. There were some losses; several men were drowned in crossing streams, in which the use of the pontoon bridge was shown. Some were taken sick, but comparatively few died, probably sixty in all, out of this immense army, which indeed was a remarkably small percentage under any circumstances.

In watching the combats in the German manœuvers, I was much interested in the effect of the smokeless powder. One heard the sound of the cannon and the rattle of musketry, but saw nothing until the troops advanced or retreated across the country within his line of vision. A valuable means of judging of the whereabouts of an enemy and of the progress of a battle is taken from a commanding officer by the use of smokeless powder.

Extensive use was made of military balloons in the German manœuvers for observation purposes, and the opposing armies were provided each with one or more, constantly in use. The familiar pear-shaped balloon was used, and, in addition, the "dragon" balloon. This is very different in form, and is constructed to avoid the constant whirling and spinning motion which is had with the ordinary shape. It is stated that there is considerable steadiness in the new form, and consequently it is naturally better suited for observation. Telephone lines connect these balloons with operators below, thus enabling the observers to communicate rapidly. The Russians also used the balloon in their manœuvers, and one of the features of their review in honor of President Faure was the launching of a balloon bearing in mammoth letters the words "La France." The familiar spherical balloon was used by them.

I was very much impressed at the manœuvers with the excellent training of the

KING HUMBERT'S REGIMENT OF GERMAN HUSSARS, DISMOUNTED.

From a photograph by Jacobi, Metz.

German soldiers. Young men in Germany are compelled to enlist at twenty and serve two years in the active army, and then serve a portion of the following five years in the reserve. After one generation, the whole male population of Germany becomes a great military force. The severe drill and discipline enforced in the German army makes thorough soldiers of the young men, and in some respects is a good school of practice, either for war or peace. It compels respect to superiors. It enforces regular habits, cleanliness, sobriety, and simplicity and regularity in daily labor and habits of life. It lifts up the awkward, listless, and careless boy to the position of manhood in the promotion of physical strength. Yet the rigid discipline appears to some extent distasteful, and I noticed very few veterans among the soldiers.

FRENCH MANŒUVERS.

Leaving Homburg, I hastened to Paris, in order to see as much as possible of the French manœuvers, which had commenced some days before. General Porter, our ambassador in Paris, had already kindly arranged for permission for me to witness these manœuvers. They were held at St. Quentin, about ninety miles from Paris to the north, and they took place in the same country in which the campaign of the north in the war of 1870–71 had been fought. The general idea of these troops was to illustrate the methods that would be taken to resist an invading army under circumstances similar to those that obtained during this war. St. Quentin was the scene of the decisive battle fought in January, 1871, and there again a conflict was now about to take place between the two contending armies. In the real battle the French were badly defeated. This destroyed the hope that the French army which was then held in Paris might join with the army then operating in the north. The troops engaged in the manœuvers were about the same in number, 75,000, as those who took part in the battle.

I was much impressed with the discipline of the French troops. Their dispositions for attack and defense seemed to be characterized by exceedingly good judgment and ability. There was much spirit and earnestness shown by both officers and men, and the manœuvers must have been of much benefit to the French army. Tents were not used

at all by the French army. The troops were all billeted in villages, which, being so numerous in France, were sufficient to accommodate large numbers. A similar arrangement is made in Germany, although the troops are supplied with shelter tents, which are made of pieces, as in our country, and which can be put together, but while our tents only accommodate two men, each man carrying a half, in the German army a large number of men can be supplied by putting together a number of pieces.

On the 14th of September a grand review of the entire army, some 70,000 men, was held by the President of the Republic, accompanied by the King of Siam and the heads of the Departments of the French Government. Certainly the discipline and efficiency of the army, as displayed in this review, are of the first order. The entire army passed the Tribune in less than two hours, and the cavalry charged past at a gallop, followed by the infantry and artillery, together with the bicycle corps, transportation, balloon carriage, engineer, and pontoon trains. While this was being done, the cavalry, numbering 12,000 men, massed on the opposite side of the field, and at a given signal charged across the field in one solid body, and halted within two hundred yards of the President in perfect line, showing the highest discipline, drill, and efficiency.

The bicycle corps at this review attracted particular attention. It was much used during the manœuvers of this as well as in those of the preceding year. Experiments and tests were made in order to determine its adaptability for war purposes. The strength of the company was about one hundred men. The men are provided with a folding wheel, which can be placed upon the back and carried with ease. It is stated that it only takes fifty seconds to put the wheel in place, and about thirty seconds to unfold it for a mount. The military wheelman wears the ordinary soldier's uniform, but is provided with a pair of leggins. He carries the rifle, and, in addition, the usual repair kit, etc. The roads in France are ideal ones for the use of the bicycle. The French claim that the experiments which they have made with the bicycle prove its value, and that the bicyclists would be very useful in operating with cavalry and horse batteries and for reconnoitering purposes. The great advantage of rapidity and silence of movement are important points in their favor. In the manœuvers of 1896 it was noticed that cavalry advancing with the greatest care could be heard and observed much sooner than wheelmen. The company of bicyclists in the manœuvers of that year was termed the "phantom company," because it so unexpectedly appeared before the enemy.

I noticed the bicyclists at all the reviews I saw, though not in so large a body as in the French army. In the German army they are attached to all the staffs as couriers and, in small numbers, to almost every battalion, where they are used as scouts and patrols. In fact, the value of the wheel to an army is beginning to be recognized everywhere. Whoever first places 25,000 or 50,000 men on bicycles in the next war will have a decided advantage over his opponent, and perhaps compel him to resort to the same tactics.

Not the least interesting feature of my visit to St. Quentin was meeting President Faure, whom, as I have already said, I had seen in Russia, on the occasion of the French fête. The French President is one of the most courtly, dignified, and accomplished men that I met among the heads of any of the governments of Europe, and he was surrounded by a very able cabinet of intelligent, progressive men. At no place that I visited was there manifested a more cordial sentiment toward the American Government and people than by the people of France. When we recall the fact that they came to our assistance and aided us in establishing our independence; that they have since the days of Lafayette been our warm sympathizers, friends, and allies, and have given expression to this sentiment in many ways, not the least of which is that great monument that now adorns the entrance to the harbor of our great metropolis, we should certainly be an ungrateful people if we did not in every way possible reciprocate their friendship and generosity. Moreover, the French people are certainly entitled to great consideration from Americans from the fact that they have maintained in the heart of Europe a liberal government similar to our own, against the prejudices of their surrounding neighbors. It would be eminently fitting for our Government, in making an appropriation for the French Exposition of 1900, not only to provide for the buildings and accommodation of the great exhibit that this country will make and which will contribute greatly to the prosperity and wealth of our own people, but to arrange for the erection of some permanent structure as an indication of our gratitude for the benefits that we have received in the past from the French people.

"Across the waste of stunted sage she sped."

A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S TRIP.

A RAILROAD STORY.

By John A. Hill,

Editor of the "American Machinist."

IT is all of twenty years now since the little incident happened that I am going to tell you about. After the strike of '77, I went into exile in the wild and woolly West, mostly in "bleeding Kansas," but often in Colorado, New Mexico, and Arizona—the Santa Fé goes almost everywhere in the Southwest.

One night in August I was dropping an old Baldwin consolidator down a long Mexican grade, after having helped a stock train over the division by double-heading. It was close and hot on this sage-brush waste, something not unusual at night in high altitudes, and the heat and sheet lightning around the horizon warned me that there was to be one of those short, fierce storms that come but once or twice a year in these latitudes, and which are known as cloud-bursts.

The alkali plains, or deserts, as they are often erroneously called, are great stretches of adobe soil, known as "dobie" by the natives. This soil is a yellowish brown, or perhaps more of a gray color, and as fine as flour. Water plays sad havoc with it, if the soil lies so as to oppose the flow, and it moves like dust before a slight stream. On the flat, hard-baked plains, the water makes no impression, but on a railroad grade, be it ever so slight, the tendency is to dig pit-falls. I have seen a little stream of water, just enough to fill the ditches on each side of the track, take out all the dirt, and keep the ties and track afloat until the water was gone, then drop them into a hole eight or ten feet deep, or if the wash-out was short, leave them suspended, looking safe and sound, to lure some poor engineer and his mate to death.

Another peculiarity of these storms is that they come quickly, rage furiously for a few minutes, and are gone, and their lines are sharply defined. It is not uncommon to find a lot of water, or a wash-out, within a mile of land so dry that it looks as if it had never seen a drop of water.

All this land is fertile when it can be brought under irrigating ditches and watered, but here it lies out almost like a desert. It is sparsely inhabited along the little streams by a straggling off-shoot of the Mexican race; yet once in a while a fine place is to be seen, like an oasis in the Sahara, the home of some old Spanish Don, with thousands of cattle or sheep ranging on the plains, or perhaps the headquarters of some enterprising cattle company. But these places were few and far between at the time of which I write; the stations were mere passing places, long side-tracks, with perhaps a stock-yard and section house once in a while, but generally without buildings or even switch-lights.

Noting the approach of the storm, I let the heavy engine drop the faster, hoping to reach a certain side-track, over twenty miles away, where there was a telegraph operator,

"'Mexican,' said I."

and learn from him the condition of the road. But the storm was faster than any consolidator that Baldwins ever built, and as the lightning suddenly ceased and the air became heavy, hot, and absolutely motionless, I realized that we would have it full upon us in a few moments. I had nothing to meet for more than thirty miles, and there was nothing behind me; so I stopped, turned the headlight up, and hung my white signal lamps down below the buffer-beams each side of the pilot—this to enable me to see the ends of the ties and the ditch.

Billy Howell, my fireman, and a good one, hastily went over the boiler-jacket with signal oil, to prevent rust; we donned our gum coats; I dropped a little oil on the "Mary Ann's" gudgeons, and we proceeded on our way without a word. On these big consolidators you cannot see well ahead, past the big boiler, from the cab, and I always ran with my head out of the side window. Both of us took this position now, standing up ready for anything; but we bowled safely along for one mile—two miles, through the awful hush. Then, as sudden as a flash of light, "boom!" went a peal of thunder as sharp and clear as a signal gun. There was a flash of light along the rails, the surface of the desert seemed to break out here and there with little fitful jets of greenish-blue flame, and from every side came the answering reports from the batteries of heaven, like sister gun-boats answering a salute. The rain fell in torrents, yes, in sheets. I have never, before or since, seen such a grand and fantastic display of fireworks, nor heard such rivalry of cannonade. I stopped my engine, and looked with awe and interest at this angry fit of nature, watched the balls of fire play along the ground, and realized for the first time what a sight was an electric storm.

As the storm commenced at the signal of a mighty peal of thunder, so it ended as suddenly at the same signal; the rain changed in an instant from a torrent to a gentle shower, the lightning went out, the batteries ceased their firing, the breeze commenced to blow gently, the air was purified. Again we heard the signal peal of thunder, but it seemed a great way off, as if the piece was hurrying away to a more urgent quarter. The gentle shower ceased, the black clouds were torn asunder overhead; invisible hands seemed to snatch a gray veil of fleecy clouds from the face of the harvest moon, and it shone out as clear and serene as before the storm. The ditches on each side of the track were half full of water, ties were floating along in them, but the track seemed safe and sound, and we proceeded cautiously on our way. Within two miles the road turned to the west, and here we found the water in the ditches running through dry soil, carrying dead grass and twigs of sage upon its surface; we passed the head of the flood, tumbling along through the dry ditches as dirty as it well could be, and fast soaking into the soil; and then we passed beyond the line of the storm entirely.

Billy put up his seat and filled his pipe, and I sat down and absorbed a sandwich as I urged my engine ahead to make up for lost time; we took up our routine of work just where we had left it, and—life was the same old song. It was past midnight now, and as I never did a great deal of talking on an

engine, I settled down to watching the rails ahead, and wondering if the knuckle-joints would pound the rods off the pins before we got to the end of the division.

Billy, with his eyes on the track ahead, was smoking his second pipe and humming a tune, and the "Mary Ann" was making about forty miles an hour, but doing more rolling and pitching and jumping up and down than an eight-wheeler would at sixty. All at once I discerned something away down the track where the rails seemed to meet. The moon had gone behind a cloud, and the headlight gave a better view and penetrated further. Billy saw it, too, for he took his pipe out of his mouth, and with his eyes still upon it, said laconically, as was his wont: "Cow."

"Yes," said I, closing the throttle and dropping the lever ahead.

"Man," said Billy, as the shape seemed to assume a perpendicular position.

"Yes," said I, reaching for the three-way cock, and applying the tender brake, without thinking what I did.

"Woman," said Billy, as the shape was seen to wear skirts, or at least drapery.

"Mexican," said I, as I noted the mantilla over the head. We were fast nearing the object.

"No," said Billy, "too well built."

I don't know what he judged by; we could not see the face, for it was turned away from us; but the form was plainly that of a comely woman. She stood between the rails with her arms stretched out like a cross, her white gown fitting her figure closely. A black, shawl-like mantilla was over the head, partly concealing her face; her right foot was upon the left-hand rail. She stood perfectly still. We were within fifty feet of her, and our speed was reduced to half, when Billy said sharply: "Hold her, John—for God's sake!"

But I had the "Mary Ann" in the back motion before the words left his mouth, and was choking her on sand. Billy stood upon the boiler-head and pulled the whistle-cord, but the white figure did not move. I shut my eyes as we passed the spot where she had stood. We got stopped a rod or two beyond. I took the white light in the tank and sprang to the ground. Billy lit the torch, and followed me with haste. The form still stood upon the track just where we had first seen it; but it faced us and the arms were folded. I confess to hurrying slowly until Billy caught up with the torch, which he held over his head.

"The form still stood upon the track."

"Good evening, Señors," said the apparition, in very sweet English, just tinged with the Castilian accent, but she spoke as if nearly exhausted.

"Good gracious," said I, "whatever

brought you away out here, and hadn't you just as lief shoot a man as scare him to death?"

She laughed very sweetly, and said: "The washout brought me just here, and I fancy it was lucky for you—both of you."

"Washout?" said I. "Where?"

"At the dry bridge beyond."

Well, to make a long story short, we took her on the engine—she was wet through—and went on to the dry bridge. This was a little wooden structure in a sag, about a mile away, and we found that the storm we had encountered farther back had done bad work at each end of the bridge. We did not cross that night, but after placing signals well behind us and ahead of the washout, we waited until morning, the three of us sitting in the cab of the "Mary Ann," chatting as if we were old acquaintances.

This young girl, whose fortunes had been so strangely cast with ours, was the daughter of Señor Juan Arboles, a rich old Spanish Don who owned a fine place and immense herds of sheep over on the Rio Pecos, some ten miles west of the road. She was being educated in some Catholic school or convent at Trinidad, and had the evening before alighted at the big corrals, a few miles below, where she was met by one of her father's Mexican rancheros, who led her saddle broncho. They had started on their fifteen-mile ride in the cool of the evening, and following the road back for a few miles were just striking off toward the distant hedge of cotton woods that lined the little stream by her home when the storm came upon them.

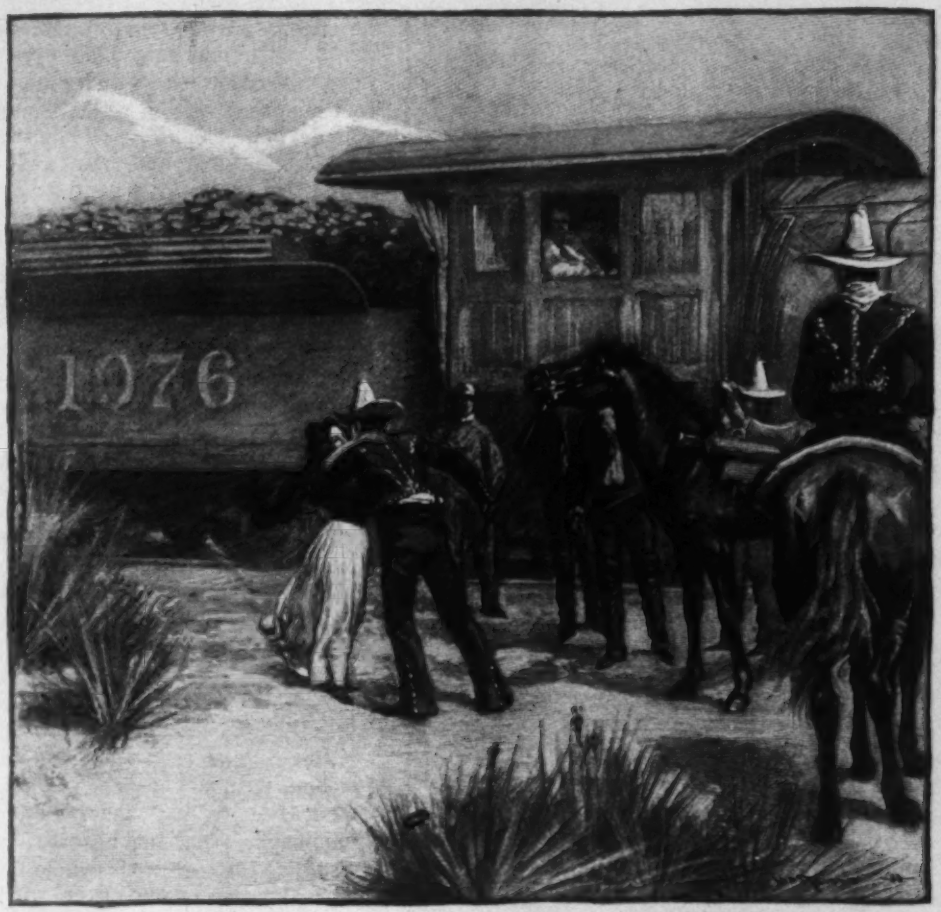
There was a lone piñon tree about a half-mile from the track, and riding to this, the girl, whose name was Josephine, had dismounted to seek its scant protection, while the herder tried to hold the frightened horses. As peal on peal of thunder resounded and the electric lights of nature played tag over the plain, the horses became more and more unmanageable and at last stampeded, with old Paz muttering Mexican curses and chasing after them wildly.

After the storm passed, Josephine waited a lonely hour in vain for Paz and the bronchos, and then debated whether she should walk toward her home or back to the corrals. In either direction the distance was long, and the adobe soil is very tenacious when wet, and the wayfarer needs great strength to carry the load it imposes on the feet. As she stood there, thinking what it was best to do, a sound came to her ears from the direction of the timber and home, which she recognized in an instant, and without waiting to debate further, she turned and ran with all her strength, not toward her home, but away from it. Across the waste of stunted sage she sped, the cool breeze upon her face, every muscle strained to its utmost. Nearer and nearer came the sound: the deep, regular bay of the timber wolf. These animals are large and fierce; they do not go in packs, like the smaller and more cowardly breeds of wolves, but in pairs, or, at most, six together. A pair of them will attack a man even when he is mounted, and lucky is he if he is well armed and cool enough to despatch one before it fastens its fangs in his horse's throat or his own thigh.

As the brave girl ran, she cast about for some means of rescue or place of refuge. She decided to run to the railroad track and climb a telegraph pole—a feat which, owing to her free life on the ranch, she was perfectly capable of. Once up the pole, she could rest on the cross-tree, in perfect safety from the wolves, and she would be sure to be seen and rescued by the first train that came along after daybreak.

She approached the track over perfectly dry ground. To reach the telegraph poles, she sprang nimbly into the ditch; and as she did so, she saw a stream of water coming rapidly toward her—it was the front of the flood. The ditch on the opposite side of the track, which also she must cross to reach the line of poles, she found already full-flooded. She decided to run up the track, between the walls of water. This would put a ten-foot stream between her and her pursuers, and change her course enough, she hoped, to throw them off the scent. In this design she was partly successful, for the bay of the wolves showed that they were going to the track as she had gone, instead of cutting straight across toward her. Thus she gained considerable time. She reached the little aroya spanned by the dry bridge; it was like a mill-pond, and the track was afloat. She ran across the bridge; she scarcely slackened speed, although the ties rocked and moved on the spike-heads holding them to the rails.

She hoped for a moment that the wolves would not venture to follow her over such a way; but their hideous voices were still in her ear and came nearer and nearer. Then there came to her, faintly, another, a strange, metallic sound. What was it? Where was it? She ran on tiptoe a few paces in order to hear it better; it was in the rails—the vibration of a train in motion.



". . . and soon she was in her father's arms."

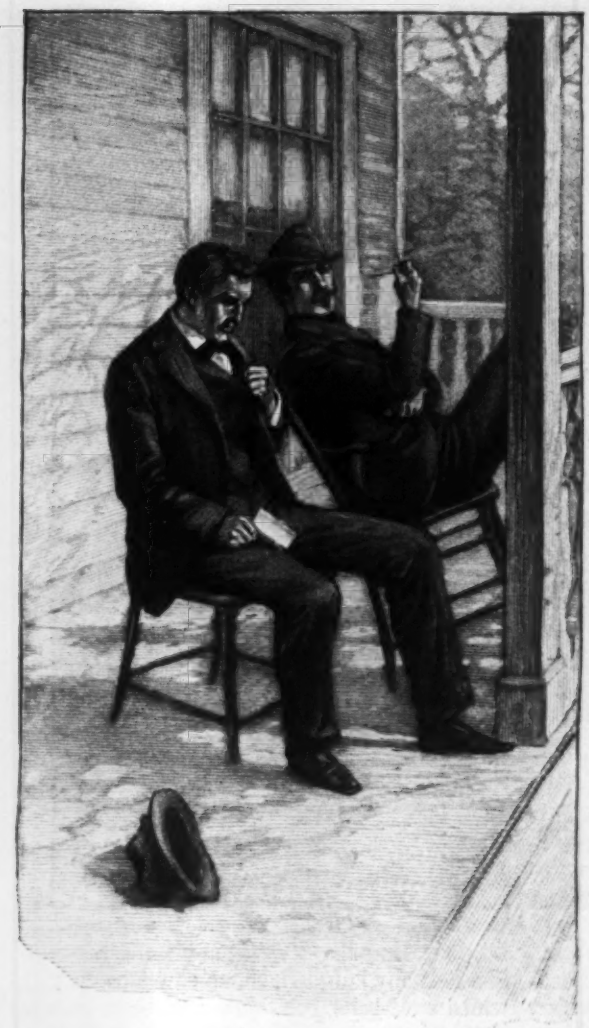
Then there came into view a light—a headlight; but it was so far away, so very far, and that awful baying so close! The "Mary Ann," however, was fleeter of foot than the wolves; the light grew big and bright and the sound of working machinery came to the girl on the breeze.

Would they stop for her? Could she make them see her? Then she thought of the bridge. It was death for them as well as for her—they *must* see her. She resolved to stay on the track until they whistled her off; but now the light seemed to come so slow. A splash at her side caused her to turn her head, and there, a dozen feet away, were her pursuers, their tongues out, their eyes shining like balls of fire. They were just entering the water to come across to her. They fascinated her by their very fierceness. Forgetting where she was for the instant, she stared dumbly at them until called to life and action by a scream from the locomotive's whistle. Then she sprang from the track just in the nick of time. She actually laughed as she saw two grayish-white wolf-tails bob here and there among the sage brush, as the wolves took flight at sight of the engine.

This was the story she told us as she dried her garments before the furnace door, and I confess to holding this cool, self-reliant girl in high admiration. She never once thought of fainting; but along toward morning she did say that she was scared then at thinking of it.

Early in the morning, a party of herders, with Josephine's father ahead, rode into sight. They were hunting for her. Josephine got up on the tender to attract their attention, and soon she was in her father's arms. Her frightened pony had gone home as fast as his legs would carry him, and a relief party swam their horses at the ford and rode forward at once.

The old Don was profuse in his thanks, and would not leave us until Billy and I had agreed to visit his ranch and enjoy a hunt with him, and actually set a date when we



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Early in September Billy and I dropped off No. 1 with our guns and "plunder," as baggage is called there, and a couple of the old Don's men met us with saddle and pack animals. I never spent a pleasanter two weeks in my life. The quiet, almost gloomy, old Don and I became fast friends, and the hunting was good. The Don was a Spaniard, but Josephine's mother had been a Mexican woman, and one noted for her beauty. She had been dead some years at the time of our visit. Billy devoted most of his time to the girl. They were a fine looking young couple, he being strong and broad-shouldered, with laughing blue eyes and light curly hair, she slender and perfect in outline, with a typical Southern complexion, black eyes—and such eyes they were—and hair and eyebrows like the raven's wing.

A few days before Billy and I were booked to resume our duties on the deck of the "Mary Ann," Miss Josephine took my arm and walked me down the yard and pumped me quietly about "Mr. Howell," as she called Billy. She went into details a little, and I answered all questions as best I could. All I said was in the young man's favor—it could not, in truth, be otherwise. Josephine seemed satisfied and pleased.

When we got back to headquarters, I was given the care of a cold-water Hinkley, with a row of varnished cars behind her, and Billy fell heir to the rudder of the "Mary Ann." We still roomed together. Billy put in most of his lay-over time writing long letters to somebody, and every Thursday, as regular as a clock, one came for him, with a censor's mark on it. Often after reading the letter, Billy would say: "That girl has more horse sense than the rest of the whole female race—she don't slop over worth a cent." He invariably spoke of her as "my Mexican girl," and often asked my opinion about white men intermarrying with that mongrel race. Sometimes he said that his mother would go crazy if he married a Mexican, his father would disown him, and his brother Henry—well, Billy did not like to think just what revenge Henry would take. Billy's father was manager of an Eastern road, and his brother was assistant to the first vice-president, and Billy looked up to the latter as a great man and a sage. He himself was in the West for practical experience in the machinery department, and to get rid of a slight tendency to asthma. He could have gone East any time and been "somebody" on the road under his father.

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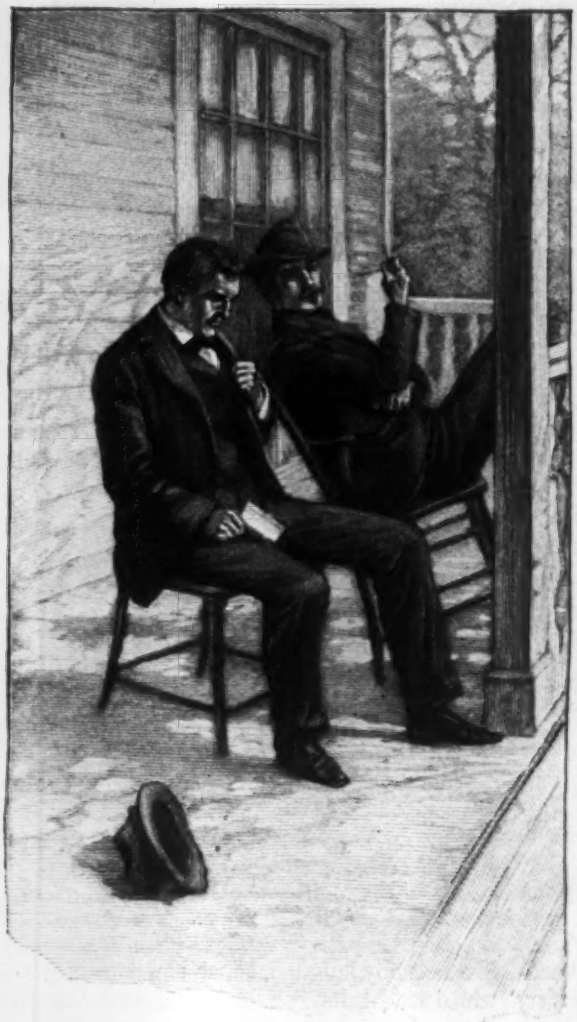

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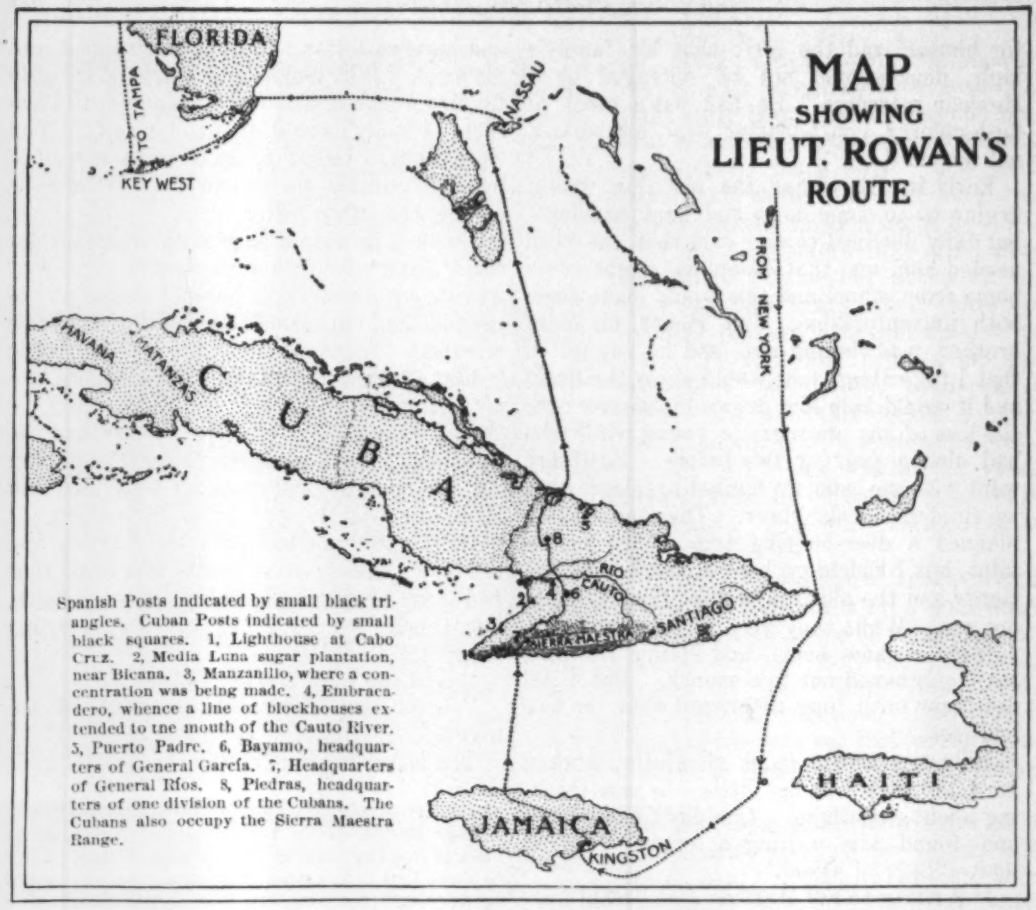

MAP
SHOWING
LIEUT. ROWAN'S
ROUTE
FLORIDA
TO TAMPA
KEY WEST
NASSAU
FROM NEW YORK
HAVANA
MATANZAS
C U B A
RIO CAUTO
SIERRA MAESTRA
SANTIAGO
HAITI
JAMAICA
KINGSTON
Spanish Posts indicated by small black triangles. Cuban Posts indicated by small black squares. 1, Lighthouse at Cabo Cruz. 2, Media Luna sugar plantation, near Bicana. 3, Manzanillo, where a concentration was being made. 4, Embracadero, whence a line of blockhouses extended to the mouth of the Cauto River. 5, Puerto Padre. 6, Bayamo, headquarters of General García. 7, Headquarters of General Ríos. 8, Piedras, headquarters of one division of the Cubans. The Cubans also occupy the Sierra Maestra Range.

MY RIDE ACROSS CUBA.

By Lieutenant-Colonel Andrew S. Rowan.

THE STORY OF A SECRET MISSION TO THE CUBAN LEADERS.

Editor's Note:—When war was declared against Spain in April last, the War Department decided to send an agent to General García, to ascertain what coöperation might be expected from the insurgents, in case we should invade Cuba. The man chosen for this mission was Lieutenant Andrew S. Rowan, a Virginian, a graduate of West Point in the class of 1881, at this time employed in the Military Information Bureau of the War Department. In the following article he himself tells the story of his journey. The narrative is the simple, straightforward one of a man who is unconscious that he has done anything remarkable, and one to whom daring and hardship are matters of course when they are necessary to the discharge of a duty. The reader, however, cannot forget that from the moment he left Jamaica on April 23d until he arrived in Key West on May 11th, he was exposed to all the dangers which a state of war brings the despatch-bearer who ventures into the enemy's territory. Sleeping on stone ballast in the bottom of an open boat, climbing on foot through thickets, riding fifty miles and more a day over abandoned roads or through unbroken forests, stopping only when preparation for continuing the trip required it, exposed to wind and sun and waves for two days in a boat so small that the occupants were forced to sit upright in it, forced on land and sea to keep continually on the alert for a watchful enemy—these are the experiences which Lieutenant Rowan dismisses as mere incidents. After receiving Lieutenant Rowan's report, Major-General Miles wrote to the Secretary of War: "I also recommend that First Lieutenant Andrew S. Rowan, 19th U. S. Infantry, be made a lieutenant-colonel of one of the regiments of immunes. Lieutenant Rowan made a journey across Cuba, was with the insurgent army under Lieutenant-General García, and brought most important and valuable information to the government. This was a most perilous undertaking, and in my judgment Lieutenant Rowan performed an act of heroism and cool daring that has rarely been excelled in the annals of warfare."

UPON the outbreak of hostilities with Spain, I was the instrument chosen by the War Department for learning more of the military possibilities of eastern Cuba. At noon on Saturday, April 23, 1898, I reached No. East Queen Street, Kingston, Jamaica, where I placed myself in the hands of unknown friends. Three hours later a four-

seated carriage, drawn by two small Jamaica horses, was driven rapidly up to the door. The moment I entered, the negro driver leaned forward, plying his whip, and we whirled furiously through the narrow streets and out the Spanish Town road. Four miles from the city we stopped with a jolt in the midst of a dense tropical forest. A second carriage, containing four men, came up in a cloud of dust, wheeled out, and passed us. My driver whipped his reeking horses and followed closely. In this way we raced up the beautiful tropical valley of the Cobra River and came at dusk to Bog Walk, near which we halted for a few moments for food and a change of horses, and then drove onward again at the same killing pace. During all of this time no one had spoken a word to me and I had presumed to ask no questions.

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL ANDREW S. ROWAN.

From a photograph taken especially for McCLURE'S MAGAZINE by Frances B. Johnston.

It must have been nearly ten o'clock that night when both carriages drew suddenly to a standstill. It was dark and hot and breathlessly silent. From the jungle came presently a shrill whistle. Men appeared in the middle of the road. There was a short whispered parley, and then we entered our carriages again and the journey was continued, now not quite so furiously. An hour later we halted at a little shack-like farmhouse, where supper awaited us. After a glass of rum all around, I was introduced to one Gervacio Sabio, a commandante of the Cuban navy, who was charged with my safe delivery into the hands of General Calixto García. Gervacio was much lighter in complexion than almost any other Cuban I had seen—a tall, wiry, determined man, with a fierce, drooping mustache, that gave him the aspect of a Caribbean pirate.

Again on the road, the horses raced along at a steady pace until sometime after midnight, when we were halted by whistle signals in a field of sugar cane. Here we left our carriages. A walk of a mile brought us to a grove of coca palms, bordering a pretty little bay. Fifty yards out on the water a small fishing-smack lay dim and silent. Although we made no sound, a light flashed out for a single instant on the boat. Gervacio, the pirate, grunted his satisfaction and answered the signal.

In a hoarse whisper Gervacio impressed upon me the great necessity of caution. When we had escaped the Jamaican authorities the Cuban coast lay a hundred miles to the north. It was patrolled night and day by the Spanish *lanchas* or coast-guard boats. If we were signaled by one of these sentinel ships we were to hoist the French flag and lie flat in the bottom of our boat. If the Spaniards were still suspicious and insisted on running alongside, we were to rise at a signal and give them a volley. Perhaps we might drive them off; if not, we knew our fate. My companions were filibusters and I was a spy. And thus, with Gervacio swearing solemnly that he and his men would stand by the "Americano," I climbed on the moist shoulders of a Cuban sailor and was borne out through the surf.

A gentle breeze caught our sails, and the

little craft cut her way smoothly outward through the phosphorescent sea with the stars of an unfamiliar sky shining above us. About three o'clock in the morning, I crawled under the seat among the ballast bowlders and went to sleep. When I awakened, the sun was shining hotly over the gunwale. The Cubans showed their white teeth with a "Buenos dias, Meester Rowan," and we began another day of converting time into distance.

About four o'clock in the afternoon the clouds which had walled in the north broke away, and the towering peaks of eastern Cuba stood forth in the sunshine. Fearing that we were nearing the coast too rapidly, Gervacio ordered the mainsail furled, and we began to teeter along under a patch of a jib. It seemed hardly a dozen miles across the glaring water to the shore, but it was not until nearly midnight that the sailors began to take soundings. Gervacio had figured out the time-table of the *lanchas* very closely, and yet we crept in as stealthily as a red Indian, Gervacio's gaunt form looming high at the stern and his keen eye sweeping the horizon for the sight of a sail. A coral reef here parallels the shore, but with the pirate at the helm and full sail set we swept in upon a long roller from the open sea, leaped it gracefully, and dropped into the quiet water beyond.

Within our reef-protected bay we felt quite secure from any Spanish *lancha*. Indeed, so confident was our commander that he drew up within fifty yards of the shore and dropped anchor for the night. This arrangement was scarcely to my liking. I deemed it dangerous, but I risked no expression of opinion; and I slept as soundly as any of the others.

With the coming of daylight I found that we were in a moon-shaped inlet between two small headlands in the district of Portillo. Above, the sun was rising gloriously behind El Turquino—the highest peak in all Cuba—and below, near the shore, rose a riotous wall of tangled grape, mangrove, and cactus, defended from the sea by a sandy rampart against which the water broke in long, lapping swells. In all probability I never shall look on a scene of more entrancing beauty.

COLONEL CARLOS HERNANDEZ, CHIEF OF STAFF TO GENERAL COLLAZO, AND ONE OF THE PARTY THAT ACCOMPANIED LIEUTENANT ROWAN THROUGH THE LATTER HALF OF HIS JOURNEY.

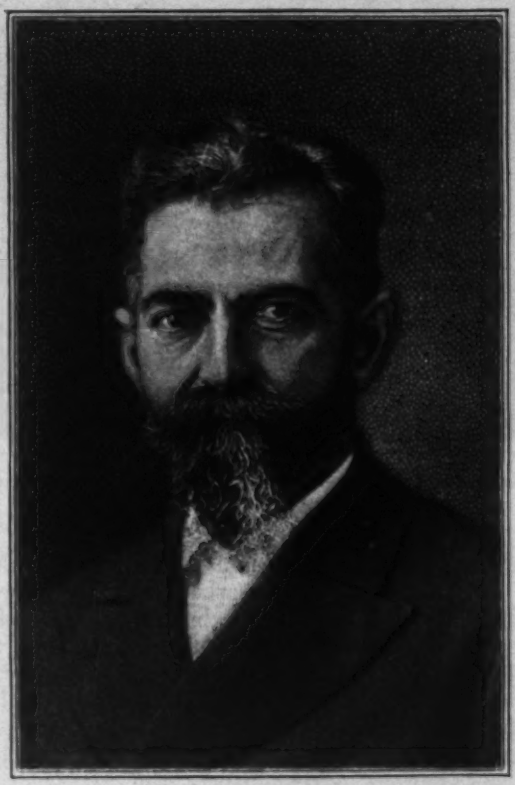
From a photograph taken especially for McClure's Magazine by Frances B. Johnston.

A ragged Cuban appeared presently on shore, and faces could be seen peering from the jungle. Signals passed back and forth. We pressed forward until the keel of our boat snubbed in the sand, and then I rode ashore on my sailor's shoulders. A half naked Cuban lad, with two terrible scars in his breast, the marks of Spanish Mauser bullets, led the way into the thicket. Here I saw some interesting salinas, crude arrangements for obtaining salt by the evaporation of sea water. Cut off from supplies from the outside world, the Cuban army has been provided with salt in this poor way for years.

Such a spot as this offered no pleasant landing nor camping ground for an invading army. The coast is fringed with a marsh-like coral reef of variable width, averaging probably three miles. This is pitted with small holes and marked with sharp hummocks, making traveling slow and difficult. Upon the porous coral grows an almost impenetrable tangle of small hard-wood trees, infinite in variety and rooted in an inch or two of vegetable mold. Through this jungle

we fought our way, stopping, when we could no longer bear the heat and fatigue, to refresh ourselves with the delicious water drawn from green cocoanuts. At last we passed the coral thicket and came out into a superb forest that needed but the touch of the farm implement to transform it into a blooming garden. Still with our faces to the north, we cautiously crossed the road from Santiago de Cuba, and plunged into the thorn and cactus thicket beyond, where even a Spanish guerrilla would not dare to follow.

Six miles from the coast we reached the foothills of the Sierras—verdure-clad hills that, I was told, were teeming with the families of the Cuban soldiers, who had been driven from their homes by the *reconcentrado* edict. Here, in inaccessible heights, I saw patches of sweet potatoes and other vegetables, which in this land of magic sunshine sprout to-day and to-morrow are ready for eating.



GENERAL ENRIQUE COLLAZO, THE CUBAN GENERAL WHO ACCOMPANIED LIEUTENANT ROWAN ON HIS RETURN FROM CUBA.

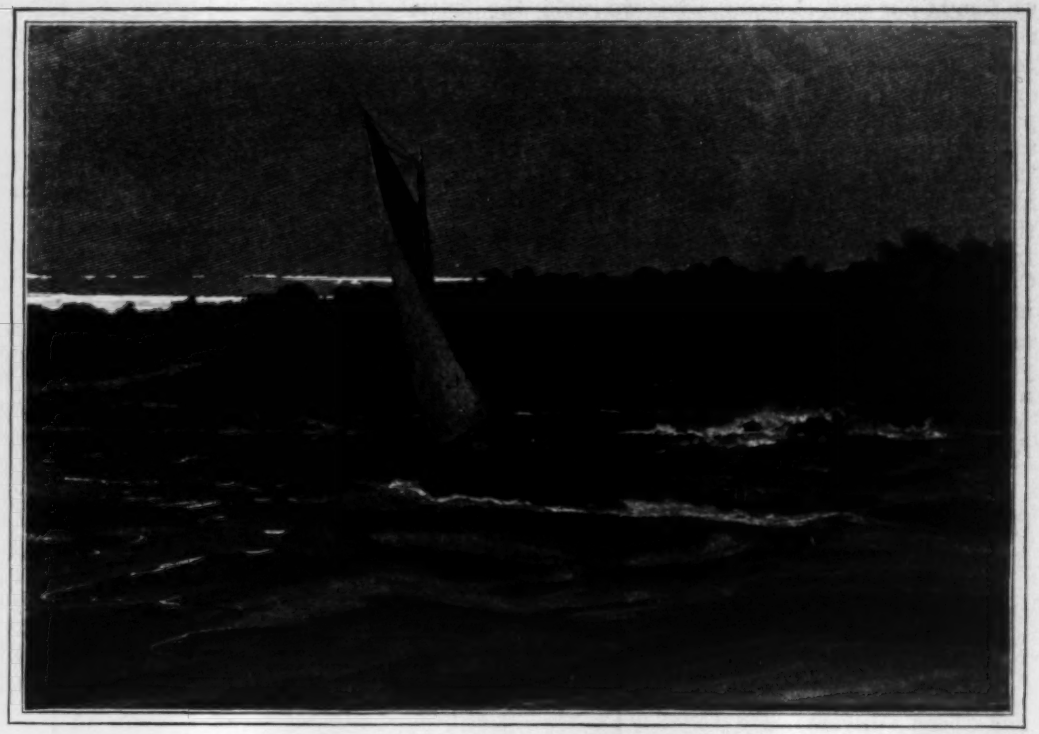
From a photograph taken especially for McClure's Magazine by Frances B. Johnston.

We had a practical lesson of the Cuban method of feeding an army. At convenient points along the path stood little thatched sheds, each with a smoldering camp-fire just in front. An aged Cuban man, or a woman with little naked children, stood guard. As the ragged soldiers pass along, the hungry ones rake sweet potatoes from the ashes, shuck off the skins, and eat them while they march. There is never a failure in the supply, never a time when the desperately poor wives and old fathers and little children in the hills cannot raise and roast enough potatoes to feed these ragged fighters for a desperate cause.

On the morning of April 27th, we were in the district of Pilon and had begun to climb the mountains. Here I got some of the best views of my trip, and I formed a good idea of what the country would offer to an invading army. All around me rose great rounded peaks, covered to the top with jungles of verdure. Flocks of saucy parrots disputed garrulously our right of thoroughfare. Trailing vines hung above us and around us in festoons, intermingled with strange trees, making a thicket through which rabbit scarce could find a passage. And yet my Cuban guides knew every turn of the blind trail, and I ceased to wonder at their success in eluding and vanquishing the Spanish soldiery.

The next day our horses slid down the slippery sides of a score of ravines. The ascents were not so easy, and I felt sorry for the sore backs of the poor beasts. Nearly all of the horses that I saw in Cuba were saddle-galled, but they bore it with as little complaint as the Cuban soldier bears his hunger. The beds of streams I found as a rule strewn with boulders, although Cuba is freer from stones than any other mountainous section of the world that I have visited. The long dry season had lasted for months, yet the streams still held water in pools. A few months later, with the advent of the rainy season, they would become roaring torrents, impassable even to small parties of men.

We were now beyond the Sierras, and about sunset we halted before a thatched shed called Jíbaro. Here we partook of a meal which introduced several dishes new to me, and all poorly suited to my appetite. The remains of a beef newly killed, its dismembered parts hanging from the joists and drip-



LIEUTENANT ROWAN AND HIS PARTY APPROACHING THE CUBAN COAST.

From a sketch by General Enrique Collazo.

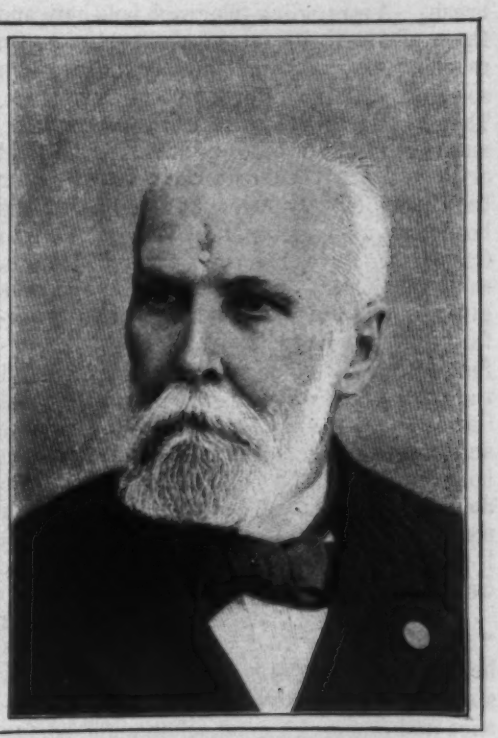
ping blood on the earth floor, made me affect an air of unconcern I did not feel. While we were still at supper I heard a furious clattering of horses' hoofs and a shout from the Cuban outposts at the edge of the forest. We all went tumbling out together. A Cuban officer and his staff dashed up to the door and dismounted. I was at once presented to a young and vigorous looking man who proved to be Lieutenant-Colonel Castillo, of the staff of General Ríos. After a short consultation, Colonel Castillo left us as suddenly as he came, and the next day General Ríos appeared. My meetings with these officers were cordial, and they treated me with unvarying kindness. General Ríos is the "General of The Coasts" of this part of Cuba. He is a cross between a Cuban and an Indian, and consequently very dark; but his fine facial angle and thin lips at once indicate that his color is a mere incident. He is fifty-five years of age, erect of stature, his beard cut *a la* Napoleon III., and his movements quick, athletic, tiger-like. He must have proved a very unwelcome foe to old Spain. His district of The Coasts, as I had reason to know, was in perfect order. I had a long talk with him concerning conditions in Media Luna, Manzanillo, and at the light-house at Cabo Cruz. He naïvely remarked that his information was two days old, but that he would despatch his agents at once to bring his data up to date, and that by the day after to-morrow I should have the plans and figures that I wanted.

In the field here, among the forest fastnesses, the Cubans publish certain tri-weekly papers, the organs of the insurgent party. The editor of one, a successor of Masó, the President of the Republic, was introduced to me by General Ríos.

Our mounts ready, General Ríos turned over to me an escort of several hundred cavalry, and we took up the road to El Chino, riding down the gentle slopes of the Cauto valley. Here for the first time I found a field for the cavalry and artillery, although the intersecting watercourses, with their fringe of jungle, would still leave to the infantry the brunt of battle. The ever faithful island of Cuba, the Pearl of the Antilles, and the fairest land that eyes have ever seen, is also the land *par excellence* for infantry. This let us not forget.

General Ríos left us at El Chino, where he received a large consignment of cattle from Camaguey (Puerto Príncipe). My guide from this point was Lieutenant Dionisio

López, a coal black negro whose knowledge of the roads and country we were to traverse was perfect. We crossed the Sierra Maestro on the north side of the Convento Mulato, a small rounded elevation mostly free from timber, upon the top of which I saw an observation or lookout station of the insurgents. It was a high, rude tower, with a platform near the top, covered with palm leaves. In this high perch the insurgent sentinel sat watching. At some of these lookouts we were challenged, at others we were permitted to pass without question. Our new guide was a hard rider, but he knew the best camps. The second night we camped at Buey Arriba (marked on the map Limonar), about twenty miles south of Bayamo. This was the best and most beautiful camp I made in Cuba. Our escort put up some shelters, covered them with banana leaves, and stretched our hammocks beneath them. The next morning we started at sunrise, and for two hours our ride was through a most charming country. At Candelaria we passed the only house (and that a very small one, and burned, too) I had seen during a ride of a hundred miles. We rode through fields of grass so high that our horses were hidden, and without a sign of a habitation, and we met no evidence of human life till we struck the royal road to Manzanillo near Peralejo, the scene of Maceo's attack on Campo's command. Here we saw many squads of men, women, and children hurrying along. Bayamo had fallen. These people were going again to the city from which they had been expelled for over three years. They formed ragged but merry groups. This part of Cuba is a tropical garden gone to waste. Even what was once the great highway from Manzanillo to Bayamo is now in places overgrown with



GENERAL CALIXTO GARCÍA, THE CUBAN LEADER WITH WHOM LIEUTENANT ROWAN WENT TO CONFER.

TRAVERSING A MOUNTAIN ROAD.

From a sketch by General Enrique Collazo.

brush. A straggling telegraph pole here and there also tells its tale of destruction. On reaching the banks of the Bayamo, we saw some of the little forts of the Spaniards. They looked much like railroad water-tanks, and they would be quite useless to withstand artillery fire. The Cuban flag was flying over the village of Bayamo. At the door of the headquarters I was met by General Calixto García. I gave him my papers, made a short statement of my business, and was given a glass of rum and invited to breakfast, for it was now twelve o'clock. Breakfast over, we went to work, and by nightfall the return despatches were ready. General García asked me if I could leave that night, and I answered in the affirmative. In an hour our mounts were standing before the door. I bade farewell, and after a touching parting with Gervacio, whose many virtues I had tried to lay before General García, we rode on to the northward.

It was evident that General García was a "to-day" man. No "*mañana*" man was he. He is a large, well-built man of about sixty years of age—a gentleman in appearance and manner, a good soldier, and so far as his resources go, a great general. His department extends from the eastern trocha to Point Maisí. He has kept the Spaniards confined to a few of the larger towns, and when the smaller ones were occupied by them, he promptly laid siege and generally drove them out. In this way Victoria de la Tunas and Guisa and Guaymar have passed one after another into his hands.

Our new party was headed by General Enrique Collazo, and with him was his chief of staff, Colonel Carlos Hernandez. The General had been present during the afternoon's consultation, and General García had spoken of him in high terms as an honest, straightforward, and intelligent officer, a graduate of the Artillery School at Segovia in Spain. He has been prominent in politics in Cuba for three years. The more I knew of General Collazo the more I liked and admired the man.

Colonel Hernandez was educated in the United States, and his service to Cuba has been unflinchingly loyal. His health has been ruined, and he bears the marks of Mauser bullets that passed through his right lung. He it was who planted the mines along the Cauto, and lay in ambush on the high banks back from the river for the Spanish *lanchas* bearing troops and supplies for the Bayamo district. His knowledge of the topography and his acquaintance with the geological and botanical resources of the country, I found a never-ending source of instruction. We camped that night near the Cauto, where I observed, as I had all along, the disinterested patriotism of the Cuban soldier. It was nearly midnight when our supper was finished. The men behind the guns had yet to look out for themselves. If they carried rations no one could say how or where, but before they retired they had obtained something to eat. They had looked out for the officers and for the horses, and, lastly, for themselves. There was no complaint.

The next day at Cauto El Paso we forded the broad Cauto—a stream which in the rainy season becomes a raging, impassable torrent. Near nightfall we passed the remains of an old Spanish earthwork, turned into the brush, and camped under a shed called Las Arenas. The next day we reached Victoria de Las Tunas, the scene of García's great victory, where we examined the ruined works. I believe it to be the most completely destroyed town of modern times. Every building has been razed to the ground, and will never again furnish a foothold for Spanish troops. That night the sand flies deprived me of sleep, and, having no bedding, I suffered from the cold, as, indeed, I did every night I was on the island. Warm days and cold nights were the rule.

The next day was spent in preparing for the voyage to Nassau. Sails had to be improvised from hammock canopies and food collected from the neighboring forests. May the fifth found us on our way to the coast—our last day's ride. About sunset we cut our way through the grape thicket that walls in the sea and drew a little cockle-shell of a boat from under a mangrove bush. It had a capacity of only 104 cubic feet, much too small for our party. Dr. Bieta was accordingly sent back, leaving six of us, with a seat for each and a place between our legs for the supplies. There was small comfort in thinking of a long and dangerous voyage at sea in such a craft.

At eleven o'clock that night we pulled out cautiously under cover of darkness, leaving behind us the harbor of Manatí and entering a choppy sea. It was desperately hard rowing, and the big waves were continually washing over the gunwales, wetting our stores and keeping us busy bailing. All night long we worked steadily without a wink of sleep. At dawn the next morning the man at the helm called out, "un vapor"—a steamer. This was followed by "dos vapores, tres

PASSAGE OF THE CAUTO RIVER.

From a sketch by General Enrique Collazo.

vapores, caramba, doce vapores"—twelve steamers.

It was Admiral Sampson's fleet moving eastward toward Porto Rico.

This little diversion was all that we had to break the unhappy monotony of that broiling day and night. The next morning we reached the Great Bahama banks, and slipped out into the Tongue of the Ocean. Here we sighted a low coral island or two lying flat on the sea, and we passed a few little schooners, not without trepidation. In the afternoon a sponging steamer, with a crew of thirteen negroes, picked us up and carried us into Nassau, where we were promptly set upon by the most rapacious quarantine highwaymen that can be found anywhere. Mr. McLane, the American consul, finally rescued us, and on the second day we were off for Key West in the schooner "Fearless." As soon as we arrived, I left for Tampa, and thence for Washington, where I reported to Russell A. Alger, Secretary of War, and General Nelson A. Miles. After receiving a summary of my official report, the General asked me to give him an account of my experiences. This I did briefly, pointing out my course on the map, and telling how I reached General García's camp, for it must be understood that its location was unknown when I set out for Cuba. General Miles listened patiently, and when I had concluded, the features of his handsome countenance relaxed. He congratulated me upon my safe return, and uttered some words of commendation which I cannot here repeat, but which, I am sure, I never can forget. Later the papers published an extract from a letter written by the General to Secretary Alger. The same day I received another letter, sent some time previously to Kingston, Jamaica, and returned from there to Washington. It was from my seven years old little girl. Here it is:

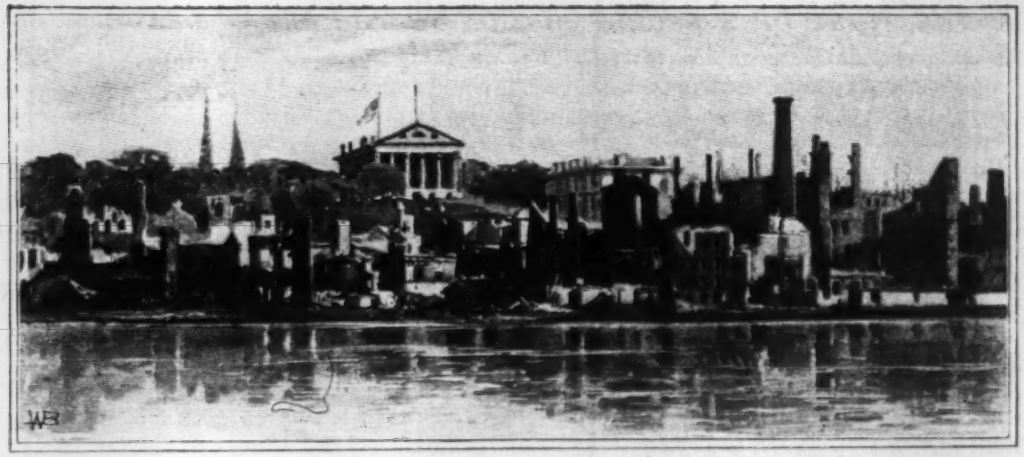
Dear papa:

I am wearing my hair braided. Look out that the Spaniards don't catch you.

Hurry and come home the cherries will be ripe by the time you get here.

With love and kisses

ELIZABETH ROWAN.



RICHMOND, VIRGINIA, AT THE CLOSE OF THE WAR, AFTER IT HAD BEEN BURNED BY THE CONFEDERATES. VIEW FROM THE POTOMAC RIVER. THE BUILDING ON THE HIGH GROUND IN THE CENTER IS THE CAPITOL.

REMINISCENCES OF MEN AND EVENTS OF THE CIVIL WAR.

By Charles A. Dana,

Assistant Secretary of War from 1863 to 1865.

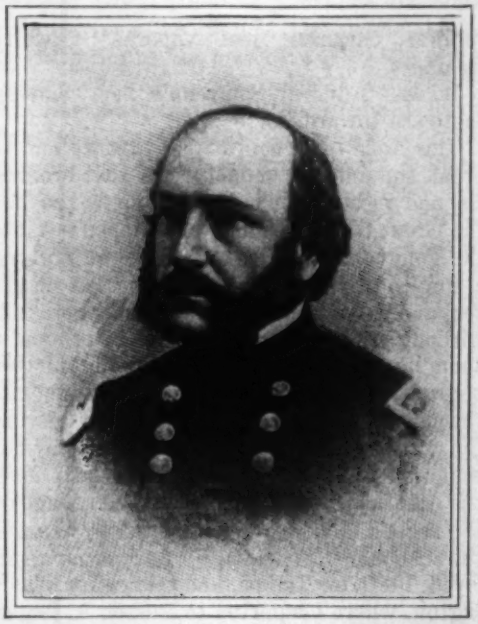
WITH PORTRAITS AND OTHER PICTURES FROM THE WAR DEPARTMENT COLLECTION OF CIVIL WAR PHOTOGRAPHS.

IX.

THE END OF THE WAR.

ALL through the fall of 1864 I was very much occupied in arranging for soldiers to go home to vote and for the taking of ballots in the army. There was a constant succession of telegrams requesting that leave of absence be extended to various officers, in order that their districts at home might have the benefit of their influence and votes; that furloughs be granted to men; and that men on detached service and convalescents in hospitals be sent home.

All the power and influence of the War Department, then something enormous from the vast expenditure and extensive relations of the war, was employed to secure the reëlection of Mr. Lincoln. The political struggle was most intense, and the interest taken in it, both in the White House and in the War Department, was almost painful. After the arduous toil of the canvass, there was necessarily a great suspense of feeling until the result of the voting should be ascertained. On November 8th, election day, I went over to the War Department about half-past eight in the evening, and found



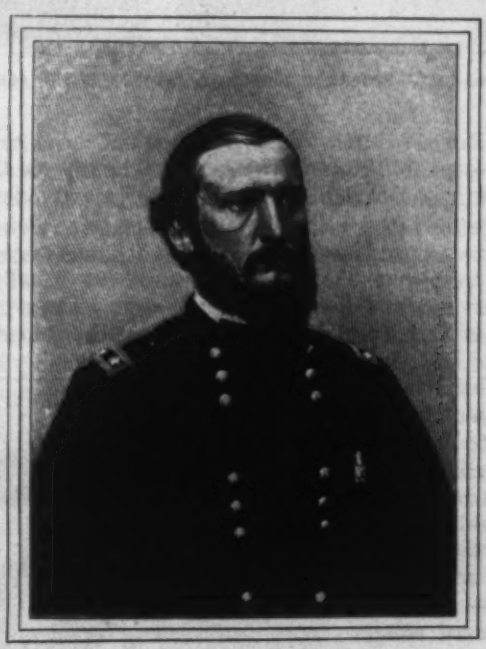
GENERAL LEWIS B. PARSONS, MANAGER OF RAILROAD AND RIVER ARMY TRANSPORTATION DURING THE WAR.

the President and Mr. Stanton together in the Secretary's office. Major Eckert, who then had charge of the telegraph department of the War Office, was coming in constantly with telegrams containing election returns. Mr. Stanton would read them, and the President would look at them and comment upon them. Presently there came a lull in the returns, and Mr. Lincoln called me to a place by his side.

"Dana," said he, "have you ever read any of the writings of Petroleum V. Nasby?"

"No, sir," I said, "I have only looked at some of them, and they seemed to be quite funny."

"Well," said he, "let me read you a specimen," and, pulling out a thin, yellow-covered pamphlet from his breast pocket, he began to read aloud. Mr. Stanton viewed these proceedings with great impatience, as I could see; but Mr. Lincoln paid no attention to that. He would read a page or a story, pause to consider a new election telegram, and then open the book again and go ahead with a new passage. Finally, Mr. Chase came in, and presently Mr. Whitelaw Reid, and then the reading was interrupted. Mr. Stanton went to the door, and beckoned me into the next room. I shall never forget the fire of his indignation at what seemed to him to be mere nonsense. The idea that, when the safety of the Republic was thus at issue, when the control of an empire was to be determined by a few figures brought in by the telegraph, the leader, the man most deeply concerned, not merely for himself, but for his country, could turn aside to read such balderdash and to laugh at such frivolous jests was to his mind repugnant, even damnable. He could not understand, apparently, that it was by the relief which these jests afforded to the strain of mind under which Lincoln had so long been living and to the natural gloom of a melancholy and desponding temperament—this was Mr. Lincoln's prevailing characteristic—that the safety and sanity of his intelligence were maintained and preserved.

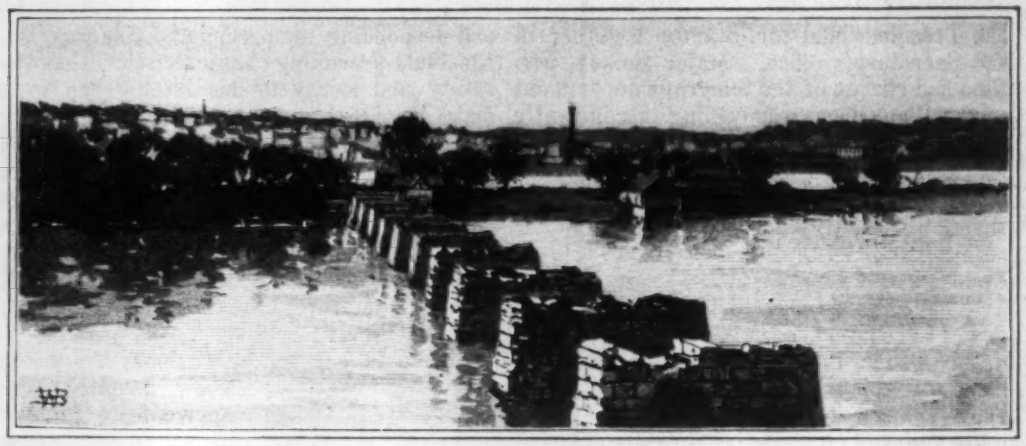


GENERAL GODFREY WEITZEL, WHO COMMANDED THE UNION FORCES IN RICHMOND AFTER ITS EVACUATION BY THE CONFEDERATES.

The election was hardly over before the people of the North began to prepare Thanksgiving boxes for the army. George Bliss, Jr., of New York, telegraphed me, on November 16th, that they had 20,000 turkeys ready in that city to send, and the next day, fearing, I suppose, that that wasn't enough, he wired: "It would be a very great convenience in our turkey business if I could know definitely the approximate number of men in the armies of the Potomac, James, and Shenandoah respectively." From Philadelphia I received a message asking for transportation to Sheridan's army for "boxes containing 4,000 turkeys, and heaven knows what else, as a Thanksgiving dinner for the brave fellows." And so it was, from all over the country.

MOVING AN ARMY CORPS 1,400 MILES.

A couple of months later, in January, 1865, a piece of work not so different from the "turkey business," but on a rather larger scale, fell to me. This was the transfer of the Twenty-third Army Corps, commanded by Major-General John M. Schofield, from its position on the Tennessee River to Chesapeake Bay. Grant had ordered the corps transferred as quickly as possible, and Mr. Stanton turned over the direction of it to me. On January 10th, I telegraphed Grant at City Point the plan to be followed. This, briefly, was to send Colonel Lewis B. Parsons, chief of railroad and river transportation, to the West to take charge of the corps. I proposed to move the whole body by boats to Parkersburg, if navigation allowed, and thence by the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad to Annapolis, for I remembered well with what promptness and success Hooker's



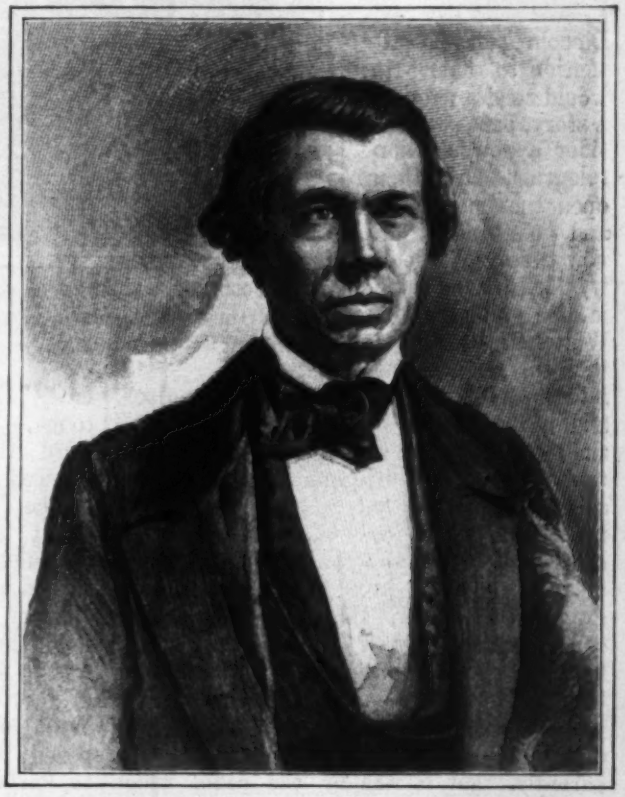
RUINS OF RAILROAD BRIDGE AT RICHMOND, BURNED BY THE CONFEDERATES.

forces, the Eleventh and Twelfth corps, were moved into Tennessee in 1863 by that road. A capital advantage of that line was that it avoided all large towns—a bad thing for the soldiers. If the Ohio River should be frozen, I proposed to move the corps by rail from Cairo, Evansville, and Jeffersonville, to Parkersburg or Bellaire, according to circumstances.

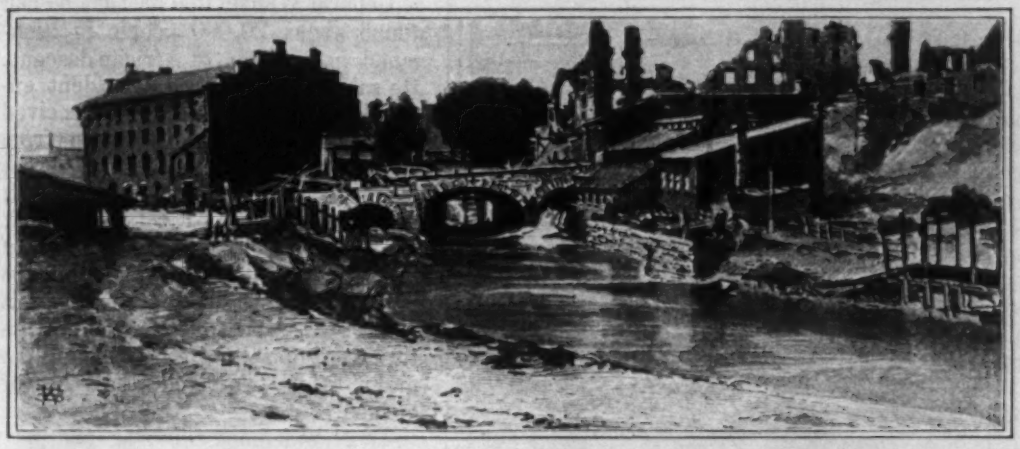
Commanders along the proposed route were advised of the removal, and ordered to prepare steamboats and transports. Loyal officers of railroads were requested to meet Colonel Parsons at given points, to arrange for the concentration of rolling-stock in case the river could not be used. Liquor shops were ordered closed along the route, and arrangements were made for the comfort of the troops by supplying them as often as once in every hundred miles of travel with an abundance of hot coffee, in addition to their rations.

Colonel Parsons left on the 11th for Louisville, where he arrived on the 13th. By the morning of the 18th, he had started the first division from the mouth of the Tennessee up the Ohio, and had transportation ready for the rest of the corps. He then hurried to Cincinnati, where, on the 21st, as the river was too full of ice to permit a further transfer by water, he loaded some 3,000 men on the cars waiting there, and started them eastward. The rest of the corps rapidly followed. In spite of fogs and ice on the river, and broken rails and machinery on the railroads, the entire army corps was encamped on the banks of the Potomac on February 2d.

The distance transported was nearly 1,400 miles, about equally divided between land and water. The average time of transportation, from the embarkment on the Tennessee



JACOB THOMPSON, DIPLOMATIC AGENT OF THE CONFEDERATE GOVERNMENT.



RICHMOND AT THE CLOSE OF THE WAR: RUINS LEFT BY THE FIRE ALONG THE OLD CANAL.

to the arrival on the banks of the Potomac, was not exceeding eleven days; and what was still more important was the fact that, during the whole movement, not a single accident happened causing loss of life, limb, or property, except in the single instance of a soldier jumping from a car, under an apprehension of danger. He lost his life, when, had he remained quiet, he would have been as safe as were his comrades in the same car.

THE FALL OF RICHMOND.

All of the winter of 1864–65 I passed in Washington, occupied with these matters and the regular business of the Department. It was evident to all of us, as the spring came on, that the war was drawing to a close. Sherman was coming northward from his triumphant march to the sea, and would soon be in communication with Grant, who, ever since I left him in July, 1864, had been watching Petersburg and Richmond, where Lee's army was shut up. The end of March, Grant advanced. On April 1st, Sheridan won the battle of Five Forks; then, on April 2d, came the successful assaults which drove Lee from Petersburg.

On the morning of April 3d, before I had left my house, Mr. Stanton sent for me to come immediately to the War Department. When I got over there, he told me that Richmond had surrendered and that he wanted me to go down at once to report the condition of affairs. I started as soon as I could get a steamboat, Roscoe Conkling and my son Paul accompanying me. We reached City Point early on April 5th. Little was known there of the condition of things in Richmond. There were but a few officers left at the place, and those were overwhelmed with work. I had expected to find President Lincoln at City Point, as he had been in the vicinity for several days, but he had gone up to Richmond the day before.

I started up the river immediately, and reached Richmond early in the afternoon. I went at once to find Major-General Godfrey Weitzel, who was in command of the United States forces. He was at his headquarters, which were in Jefferson Davis's former residence. I had heard down the river that Davis had sold his furniture at auction, some days before the evacuation, but I found when I reached the house that this was a mistake: the furniture was all there.

On arriving, I immediately made inquiries about official papers. I found that the records and papers of the departments and of Congress were generally removed before the evacuation, and that, during the fire, the Capitol was ransacked and the documents were scattered. In the rooms of the secretary of the Senate, and of the military committee of the House of Representatives, in the State House, we found some papers of importance. They were in various cases and drawers, and in great confusion. They were more or less imperfect and fragmentary. In the State engineer's office there were also some boxes of papers relating to the Confederate works on the Potomac, about Norfolk, and on the Peninsula. I had all of these packed in boxes without attempting to put them in order, and they were sent soon after to Washington.

Weitzel told me that he had learned at three o'clock in the morning on Monday,

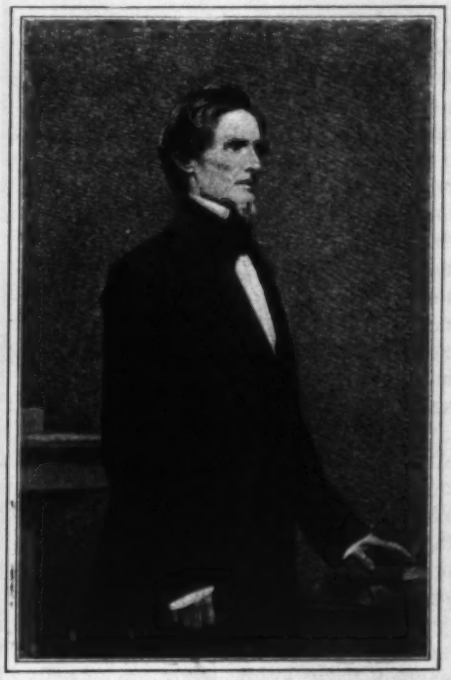
GENERAL NELSON A. MILES, AT THE TIME HE HELD JEFFERSON DAVIS AS A PRISONER OF WAR.

April 3d, that Richmond was being evacuated, and had moved forward at daylight, first taking care to give his men breakfast, in the expectation that they might have to fight. He met no opposition, and on entering the city, was greeted with a hearty welcome from the mass of people: the mayor went out to meet him to surrender the city, but missed him on the road.

I took a walk around Richmond that day to see how much the city was injured. The Confederates, in retreating, had set it on fire, and the damage done in that way was enormous: nearly everything between Main Street and the river, for about three-quarters of a mile, was burned. The Custom House and the Spotswood Hotel were the only important buildings remaining in the burned district. The block opposite the Spotswood, including the War Department building, was entirely destroyed. The Petersburg railroad bridge and that of the Danville road were destroyed. All the enemy's vessels, excepting an unfinished ram, which had her machinery in perfect order, were burned. The Tredegar Iron Works were unharmed. Libby Prison and Castle Thunder had also escaped the fire.

General Weitzel told me that he had found about 20,000 people in Richmond, half of them of African descent. He said that, when the President entered the town on the 4th, he received a most enthusiastic reception from the mass of the inhabitants. All the members of Congress had escaped. Only the Assistant Secretary of War, Judge Campbell, remained. Most of the newspaper editors had fled, but the "Whig" appeared on the 4th as a Union paper, with the name of its former proprietor at its head. The night after I arrived the theater opened.

There was much suffering and poverty among the population, the rich as well as the poor being destitute of food. Weitzel had decided to issue supplies to all who would take the oath. In my first message to Mr. Stanton I spoke of this. He immediately answered: "Please ascertain from General Weitzel under what authority he is distributing rations to the people of Richmond, as I suppose he would not do it without authority; and direct him to report daily the amount of rations distributed by his order to persons not belonging to the military service and not authorized by law to receive



JEFFERSON DAVIS.

rations, designating the color of the persons, their occupation, and sex." Mr. Stanton seemed to be satisfied when I wired him that Weitzel was working under General Ord's orders, approved by General Grant, and that he was paying for the rations by selling captured property.

The important question which the President had on his hands, when I reached Richmond, was considering how Virginia could be brought back to the Union. He had already had an interview with Judge Campbell and other prominent representatives of the Confederate government. All they asked, they said, was an amnesty and a military convention to cover appearances. Slavery they admitted to be defunct. The President did not promise amnesty, but he told them he had the pardoning power, and would save any repentant sinner from hanging. They assured him that, if amnesty could be offered, the rebel army would be dissolved and all the States return.

On the morning of the 7th, five members of the so-called Virginia legislature held a meeting to consider propositions which the President had given to Judge Campbell. The President showed these papers to me confidentially. They were two in number. One stated re-union as a *sine qua non;* the second authorized General Weitzel to allow members of the body claiming to be the legislature of Virginia to meet in Richmond for the purpose of recalling Virginia's soldiers from rebel armies, with safe conduct to them so long as they did and said nothing hostile to the United States. The President said, in talking over these documents, that Sheridan seemed to be getting rebel soldiers out of the war faster than the legislature could think.

The next morning, on April 8th, I was present at an interview between General Weitzel and General Shepley, who had been appointed military governor of Richmond, and a committee of prominent citizens and members of the legislature. Various papers were read by the Confederate representatives, but they were told that no propositions could be entertained that involved a recognition of the Confederate authorities. The committee was also told that if they desired to prepare an address to the people, advising them to abandon hostility to the Government at once and begin to obey the laws of the United States, they should have every facility for its circulation through the State, provided, of course, that it met the approval of the military authorities. The Union representatives said that if the committee desired to call a convention of the prominent citizens of the State, with a view to the restoration of the authority of the Union, they would be allowed to go without the lines of Richmond for the purpose of visiting citizens in different parts of the State and inducing them to take part in a convention; they were promised safe conduct for themselves and such citizens as they could persuade to attend the convention. They were also told that if they were not able to find conveyances for themselves into the country, horses would be loaned to them for the purpose.

All this, they were informed, was not to be considered as in any manner condoning any offense of which anyone might have been guilty. Judge Campbell said that he had no wish to take a prominent part in the proceedings, but that he had long since made up his mind that the cause of the South was hopeless; that he had written a formal memorial to Jefferson Davis immediately after the Hampton Roads conference, urging him and the Confederate Congress to take immediate steps to stop the war and restore the Union, and that he had deliberately remained in Richmond to meet the consequences of his acts. He said that if he could be used in the restoration of peace and order, he would gladly undertake any labor that might be desired of him.

The spirit of the committee seemed to be generally the same as Campbell's, though none of them equaled him in ability and clearness. They were conscious that they were whipped, and were sincerely anxious to stop all further bloodshed, and restore peace, law, and order. This mental condition seemed to me to be very hopeful and encouraging.

A TALK WITH VICE-PRESIDENT ANDREW JOHNSON AT RICHMOND.

One day, after the meeting of this committee, I was in the large room downstairs of the Spotswood Hotel, when my name was called, and I turned around to see Andrew Johnson, the new Vice-President of the United States. He took me one side, and spoke with great earnestness about the necessity of not taking the Confederates back without some conditions or without some punishment. He said that their sins had been enormous; that if they were let back into the Union without any punishment, the effect would be very bad, and that they might be dangerous in the future. He spoke in this strain fully twenty

minutes, I should think, an impassioned, earnest speech, and, finally, when he paused, and I got a chance, I replied:

"Why, Mr. Johnson, I have no power in this case. Your remarks are very striking, very impressive, and, certainly, worthy of the most serious consideration, but it does not seem to me necessary that they should be addressed to me. They ought to be addressed to the President and to the members of Congress, to those who have authority in the case and who will finally have to decide this question which you raise."

"Mr. Dana," said he, "I feel it to be my duty to say these things to every man whom I meet, whom I know to have any influence. Any man whose thoughts are considered by others, or whose judgment is going to weigh in the case, I must speak to, so that the weight of opinion in favor of the view of this question which I offer may possibly become preponderating and decisive."

That was in April. When Mr. Johnson became President, not long after, he soon took the view which he condemned in this conversation with me.

Toward the end of this first week after we entered Richmond, the question about opening the churches on Sunday came up, and I asked Weitzel what he was going to do. He answered that all were to be allowed to open on condition that no disloyalty should be uttered and that the Episcopal ministers should read the prayer for the President of the United States. But the next day General Shepley, the military governor, came to me to ask that the order might be relaxed so that the clergy should only be required not to pray for Davis. I declined giving any orders, having received none from Washington, and said that Weitzel must act in the matter entirely on his own judgment. Judge Campbell used all his influence with Weitzel and Shepley to get them to consent that a loyal prayer should not be exacted. Weitzel concluded not to give a positive order; his decision was influenced by the examples of New Orleans, Norfolk, and Savannah, in all of which places, he claimed, the rule was not at first enforced. In a greater measure, however, his decision was the result of the President's verbal direction to him to "let the people down easy." The churches were all well filled on Sunday, the ladies especially attending in great numbers. The sermons were devout and not political, the city was perfectly quiet, and there was more security for persons and property than had existed there for many months.

THE SURRENDER OF LEE.

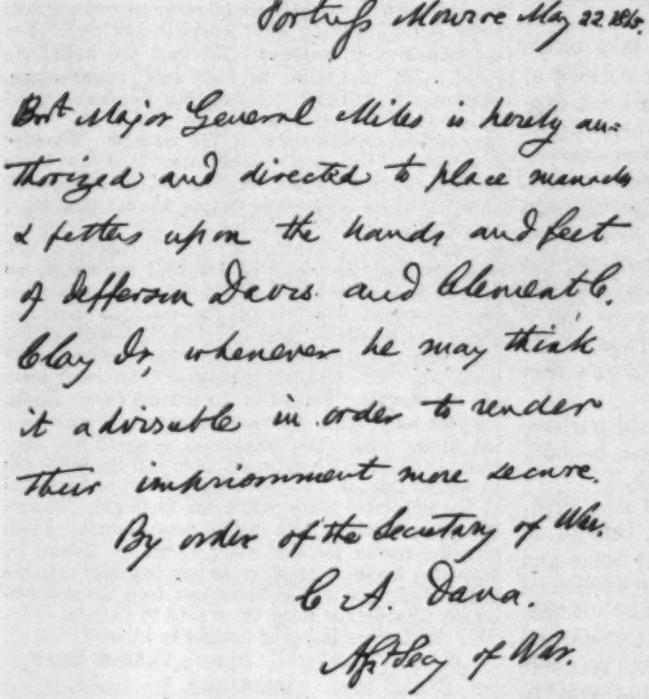
Monday morning the news of Lee's surrender reached Richmond. It produced the deepest impression. Even the most malignant women now felt that the defeat was perfect and the rebellion finished, while among the men there was no sentiment but submission to the power of the nation and a returning hope that their individual property might escape confiscation. They all seemed most keenly alive to this consideration, and men like General Anderson, the proprietor of the Tredegar Works, were most zealous in efforts to produce a thorough pacification and save their possessions.

The next morning I received from Mr. Stanton an order to proceed to General Grant's headquarters and furnish from there such details as might be of interest. News reached me that day, however, that Grant was on his way to Richmond; so I remained there to receive him.

As soon as Grant reached Richmond, I had a talk with him on the condition of Lee's army and the men and arms surrendered. He told me that, in a long private interview which he had with Lee at Appomattox, the latter said that he should devote his whole efforts to pacifying the country and bringing the people back to the Union. He declared he had always been for the Union in his heart, and could find no justification for the politicians who had brought on the war, the origin of which he believed to have been in the folly of extremists on both sides. If General Grant had agreed to the interview Lee had asked for some time before, Lee said, they would certainly have agreed on terms of peace then, as he was prepared to treat for the surrender of all the Confederate armies. The war, he said, had left him a poor man, with nothing but what he had upon his person, and his wife would have to provide for herself until he could find some employment.

The officers of Lee's army, Grant said, all seemed to be glad that it was over, and the men still more so than the officers. All were greatly impressed by the generosity of the terms finally given them, for at the time of the surrender they were surrounded and escape was impossible. General Grant thought that these terms were of great importance toward securing a thorough peace and undisturbed submission to the Government.

That night I left Richmond for Washington



Fortress Monroe May 22 1865.

Bvt Major General Miles is hereby authorized and directed to place manacles & fetters upon the hands and feet of Jefferson Davis and Clement C. Clay Jr, whenever he may think it advisable in order to render their imprisonment more secure.

By order of the Secretary of War.

C A. Dana.

Asst Secy of War.

FACSIMILE OF MR. DANA'S ORDER TO GENERAL MILES. SEE PAGE 391.

with the General, reaching there the 13th, and taking up my work in the Department at once.

MY LAST INTERVIEW WITH MR. LINCOLN.

It was one of my duties in the War Department to receive the reports of the officers of the Secret Service in every part of the country. The afternoon of the 14th—Good Friday—I got a telegram from the provost-marshal in Portland, Maine, saying: "I have positive information that Jacob Thompson will pass through Portland to-night, in order to take a steamer for England. What are your orders?"

Jacob Thompson, of Mississippi, had been Secretary of the Interior in President Buchanan's administration. He was a conspicuous Secessionist, and for some time had been employed in Canada as a semi-diplomatic agent of the Confederate government, organizing all sorts of troubles and getting up raids, of which the notorious attack on St. Albans, Vermont, was a specimen. I took the telegram, and went down and read it to Mr. Stanton. His order was prompt: "Arrest him!" But as I was going out of the door he called to me, and said: "No, wait; better go over and see the President."

At the White House all business was over, and I went into the President's business room without meeting any one. Opening the door, there seemed to be no one in the room, but as I was turning to go out Mr. Lincoln called me from a little side room, where he was washing his hands:

"Hallo, Dana!" said he. "What is it? What's up?"

Then I read him the telegram.

"What does Stanton say?" he asked.

"He says arrest him, but that I should refer the question to you."

"Well," said he, slowly, wiping his hands, "no; I rather think not. When you have got an elephant by the hind leg and he is trying to run away, it's best to let him run."

With this direction, I returned to the War Department.

"Well, what says he?" asked Mr. Stanton.

"He says that when you have got an elephant by the hind leg and he is trying to run away, it's best to let him run."

"Oh, stuff!" said Stanton.

That night I was awaked from a sound sleep with the news that Mr. Lincoln had been shot and that the Secretary wanted me at a house on Tenth Street. I found the President with a bullet wound in the head, lying unconscious, though breathing heavily, on a bed in a small side room, while all the members of the Cabinet, and the Chief Justice with them, were gathered in the adjoining parlor. They seemed to be almost as much paralyzed as the unconscious sufferer within the little chamber. The surgeons said there was no hope. Mr. Stanton alone was in full activity.

"Sit down here," said he; "I want you."

Then he began and dictated orders one after another, which I wrote out and sent swiftly to the telegraph. All those orders were designed to keep the business of the government in full motion till the crisis should be over. It seemed as if Mr. Stanton thought of everything, and there was a great deal to be thought of that night. The extent of the conspiracy was, of course, unknown, and the horrible beginning which had been made naturally led us to suspect the

worst. The safety of Washington must be looked after. Commanders all over the country had to be ordered to take extra precautions. The people must be notified of the tragedy. The assassins must be captured. The coolness and clear-headedness of Mr. Stanton under these circumstances were most remarkable. I remember that one of his first telegrams was to General Dix, the military commander of New York, notifying him of what had happened. No clearer brief account of the tragedy exists to-day than this, written scarcely three hours after the scene in Ford's Theatre, on a little stand in the room where, a few feet away, Mr. Lincoln lay dying.

I remained with Mr. Stanton until perhaps three o'clock in the morning. Then he said, "That's enough; now you may go."

When I left, the President was still alive, breathing heavily and regularly, though of course quite unconscious. I went home and to bed. About 8 o'clock I was awakened by a rapping on the lower window. It was Colonel Pelouze, of the Adjutant-General's Office, who said: "Mr. Dana, the President is dead, and Mr. Stanton directs you to arrest Jacob Thompson."

SEARCHING FOR THE ASSASSINS.

The whole machinery of the War Department was at once turned, of course, to securing the murderer of the President and his accomplices.

As soon as I had recovered from the first shock of Mr. Lincoln's death, I remembered that in the previous November I had received from General Dix the following correspondence:

HEADQUARTERS, DEPARTMENT OF THE EAST,
NEW YORK CITY, *November* 17, 1864.

C. A. DANA, ESQ.,

My Dear Sir: The inclosed was picked up in a Third Avenue railroad car. I should have thought the whole thing got up for the "Sunday Mercury," but for the genuine letter from St. Louis in a female hand. The Charles Selby is obviously a manufacture. The party who dropped the letter was heard to say he would start for Washington Friday night. He is of medium size, has black hair and whiskers, but the latter are believed to be a disguise. He had disappeared before the letter was picked up and examined. Yours truly,

JOHN A. DIX.

There were two inclosures, as follows:

DEAR LOUIS:

The time has at last come that we have all so wished for, and upon you everything depends. As it was decided before you left, we were to cast lots. Accordingly we did so, and you are to be the Charlotte Corday of the nineteenth century. When you remember the fearful, solemn vow that was taken by us, you will feel there is no drawback—*Abe* must *die*, and *now*. You can choose your weapons. The cup, the *knife*, the *bullet*. The cup failed us once, and might again. Johnson, who will give *this*, has been like an enraged demon since the meeting, because it has not fallen upon him to rid the world of the monster. He says the blood of his gray-haired father and his noble brother call upon him for revenge, and revenge he will have; if he can not wreak it upon the fountain-head, he will upon some of the blood-thirsty generals. Butler would suit him. As our plans were all concocted and well arranged, we separated, and as I am writing on my way to Detroit, I will only say that all rests upon you. You know where to find your friends. Your disguises are so perfect and complete, that without *one* knew *your* face, no police telegraphic despatch would catch you. The English gentleman, *Harcourt*, must not act hastily. Remember he has ten days. Strike for your home, strike for your country; bide your time, but strike sure. Get introduced, congratulate him, listen to his stories—not many more will the brute tell to earthly friends. Do anything but fail, and meet us at the appointed place within the fortnight. Inclose this note, together with one of poor Leenea. I will give the reason for this when we meet. Return by Johnson. I wish I could go to you, but duty calls me to the *West*; you will probably hear from me in Washington. Sanders is doing us no good in Canada.

Believe me, your brother in love.

CHARLES SELBY.

ST. LOUIS, *October* 21, 1864.

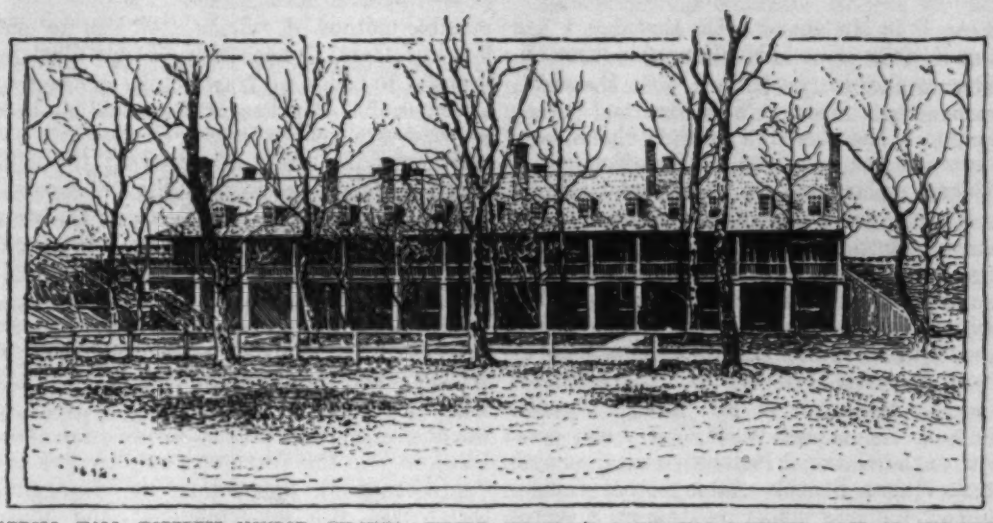
DEAREST HUSBAND:

Why do you not come home? You left me for ten days only, and you now have been from home more than two weeks. In that long time only sent me one short note—a few cold words—and a check for money, which I did not require. What has come over you? Have you forgotten your wife and child? Baby calls for papa until my heart aches. *We are so lonely* without you. I have written to you again and again, and, as a last resource, yesterday wrote to Charlie, begging him to see you and tell you to come home. I am so ill, not able to leave my room; if I was, I would go to you wherever you were, if in *this world*. Mamma says I must not write any more, as I am too weak. Louis, darling, do not stay away any longer from your heart-broken wife.

LEENEA.

On reading the letters, I took them at once to President Lincoln. He looked at them, but made no special remark, and, in fact, seemed to attach very little importance to them. I left them with him.

I now reminded Mr. Stanton of the circumstance, and he asked me to go at once to the White House and see if I could find the letters. I thought it rather doubtful, for I knew the President received a great many communications of a similar nature. However, I went over and made a thorough search through his private desk. He seemed to have attached more importance to these papers than to others of the kind, for I found them enclosed in an envelope, marked in his own handwriting, "Assassination."



CARROLL HALL, FORTRESS MONROE, VIRGINIA, WHERE JEFFERSON DAVIS WAS CONFINED MOST OF THE TIME WHILE HE WAS A PRISONER OF THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT.

I kept the letters for some time by me, and then delivered them to Judge John A. Bingham, Special Judge Advocate in the conspiracy trial. Judge Bingham seemed to think them of importance, and asked me to have General Dix send the finder down to Washington. I wired him at once. He replied that it was a woman who had found the letters; that she was keeping a small store in New York, had several children, was a widow, and had no servant; that she would have to find some one to take care of her house, but would be in Washington in a day or two.

A few days later she came. I was not in town when Mrs. Hudspeth, as her name proved to be, arrived. I had gone to Chicago to look over a position just offered me there; but from her testimony on May 12th, I learned that in November, 1864, just after the Presidential election and on the day, she said, on which General Butler left New York, she had overheard a curious conversation between two men in a Third Avenue car in New York City. She had observed, when a jolt of the car pushed the hat of one of the men forward, that he wore false whiskers. She had noticed that his hand was very beautiful; that he carried a pistol in his belt; that, judging from his conversation, he was a young man of education; she had heard him say that he was going to Washington that day. The young men left the car before she did, and after they had gone her daughter, who was with her, had picked up a letter from the floor. Mrs. Hudspeth, thinking it belonged to her, had carried it from the car. She afterwards discovered the two letters quoted above, and had taken them to General Scott, who, upon reading them, said they were of great importance, and sent her to General Dix. When Mrs. Hudspeth was shown a photograph of Booth, she swore that it was the man in disguise whom she had seen in the car. It was found that Booth was in New York on the day that she indicated—that is, the day on which General Butler left New York, November 11th, and that he went from there to Washington, as she had heard the man near her say he was going to do. The inference was that the man who dropped the suspicious letter was Booth.

I was afterwards called (on June 9th) to testify to the letters. Judge Bingham used these letters as a link in his chain of evidence showing that a conspiracy existed "to kill and murder Abraham Lincoln, William H. Seward, Andrew Johnson, Ulysses S. Grant, Edwin M. Stanton, and others of his advisers," and that Booth was a partner in this conspiracy.

A CONFEDERATE SECRET CIPHER.

I have said that I was in Chicago on business when Mrs. Hudspeth gave her testimony. Just after I reached there, I received from Major T. F. Eckert, head of the military telegraph, a message saying that the court wanted me immediately as a witness in the conspiracy trial. I returned at once, and on the 18th of May appeared in court. I was wanted to testify to the identity of a key to a secret cipher which I had found on the 6th

of April in Richmond. On that day I had gone into the office of Mr. Benjamin, the Confederate Secretary of State. On the shelf, among Mr. Benjamin's books and other things, I had found a secret cipher-key. I saw it was the key to the official Confederate cipher, and, as we had at times to decipher at the War Department a good many documents written in that cipher, the key seemed to me of interest, and I brought it away, with several other interesting documents. When I returned to Washington, I gave it to Major Eckert, who had charge of cipher despatches in the War Department. Now, on the night of Mr. Lincoln's assassination, Lieutenant W. H. Terry had been sent to the National Hotel to seize the trunk of J. Wilkes Booth. Among other things, he had found a paper containing a secret cipher. When this was given to Major Eckert, he immediately saw that it was the same as the one which I had found in Richmond. It was thought that possibly by means of this evidence it could be shown that Booth was in communication with the Confederate government. I was called back to identify the cipher-key. Major Eckert at the same time presented despatches written in the cipher found in Booth's trunk and sent from Canada to the Confederates. They had been captured and taken to the War Department, where copies of them were made. By the key which I had found these despatches could be read. The despatches indicated plots against the leaders of our Government, though whether Booth had sent them or not was of course never known.

While the trial was going on in Washington, Jefferson Davis was captured, on May 10th, near Irwinsville, Georgia, by a detachment of General Wilson's cavalry corps. He and his family, with Alexander H. Stephens, late Vice-President of the Confederacy, John H. Reagan, Postmaster-General, Clement C. Clay, and other State prisoners, were sent to Fortress Monroe. The propeller with the party on board reached Hampton Roads on May 19th. The next day, May 20th, Mr. Stanton sent for me to come to his office. He told me where Davis was, and said that he had ordered General Nelson A. Miles to go to Hampton Roads and take charge of the prisoners, transferring them from the propeller "Clyde" to the fortress. Mr. Stanton was much distressed lest Davis commit suicide—he said that he himself would do so in like circumstances. "I want you to go to Fortress Monroe," he added, "and caution General Miles against leaving Davis any possible method of suicide; tell him to put him in fetters, if necessary—Davis must be brought to trial; he must not be allowed to kill himself." Mr. Stanton also told me that he wanted a representative of the War Department down there to see what the military was doing, and to send him full reports.

The status of Jefferson Davis at the time explains Mr. Stanton's anxiety. It should be remembered that Davis had not surrendered when the capital of the Confederacy, Richmond, was captured; neither had he surrendered with either of the two principal armies under Lee and Johnston. At that time the whole Confederate army west of the Mississippi was still at large. To allow Davis to join this force was only to give the Confederacy an opportunity to reassemble the forces still unsurrendered and make another stand for life. Even more important than this consideration was the fact that Davis was charged, in President Johnson's proclamation of May 2, 1865, offering a reward for his capture, with instigating the assassination of President Lincoln:

"*Whereas*, it appears, from evidence in the Bureau of Military Justice, that the atrocious murder of the late President, Abraham Lincoln, and the attempted assassination of the Hon. W. H. Seward, Secretary of State, were incited, concerted, and procured by and between Jefferson Davis, late of Richmond, Va., . . . and other rebels and traitors against the Government of the United States, harbored in Canada:

"Now, therefore, to the end that justice may be done, I, Andrew Johnson, President of the United States, do offer and promise for the arrest of said persons or either of them, within the limits of the United States, so that they can be brought to trial, the following rewards: $100,000 for the arrest of Jefferson Davis. . . . The Provost Marshal General of the United States is directed to cause the descriptions of said persons with notice of the above rewards to be published."

It was with the above facts in mind that I started for Hampton Roads on May 20th. On the 22d, the prisoners were transferred from the "Clyde" to the fortress. The quarter selected for Davis's prison was a casemate such as at that time, as well as at the present, is occupied by officers and their families. In fact, an officer with his family was moved out of the particular casemate in which Davis was placed. Any one who will take the trouble to visit Fortress Monroe can see the place still, and it certainly has not to-day a gloomy or forbidding appearance. The whole scene of the transfer I described in a long telegram which I sent to Mr. Stanton on the 22d. As it contains my fresh impressions and has never before been published, I give it here in full:

From FT. MONROE, 1 P.M., *May* 22, 1865.

HON. E. M. STANTON,
SECRETARY OF WAR.

The two prisoners have just been placed in their respective casemates. The sentries are stationed both within and without their doors. The bars and locks are fastened, and the regular routine of their imprisonment has begun. At precisely one o'clock, General Miles left, with a tug and a guard from the garrison, to go for Davis and Clay. At half-past one the tug left the "Clyde" for the fortress. She landed at the engineer's wharf, and the procession, led by the cavalrymen of Colonel Pritchard's command, moved through the water battery on the east front of the fortress and entered by a postern leading from that battery. The cavalrymen were followed by General Miles, holding Davis by the right arm. Next came half a dozen soldiers, and then Colonel Pritchard with Clay, and last the guard which Miles took out with him. The arrangements were excellent and successful, and not a single curious spectator was anywhere in sight. Davis bore himself with a haughty attitude. His face was somewhat flushed, but his features were composed and his step firm. In Clay's manner there was less expression of bravado and dramatic determination. Both were dressed in gray, with drab slouched hats. Davis wore a thin, dark overcoat. His hair and beard are not so gray as has been reported, and he seems very much less worn and broken by anxiety and labor than Mr. Blair reported when he returned from Richmond last winter.

The parties were not informed that they were not to be removed to the fortress until General Miles went on board the "Clyde," but they had before learned generally what was their destination. From his staff officers Davis parted yesterday, shedding tears at the separation. The same scene has just been renewed at his parting from Harrison, his private secretary, who left at one o'clock for Washington. In leaving his wife and children he exhibited no great emotion, though she was violently affected. He told her she would be allowed to see him in the course of the day. Clay took leave of his wife in private, and he was not seen by the officers. Both asked to see General Halleck, but he will not see them.

The arrangements for the security of the prisoners seem to me as complete as could be desired. Each one occupies the inner room of a casemate; the window is heavily barred. A sentry stands within, before each of the doors leading into the outer room. These doors are to be grated, but are now secured by bars fastened on the outside. Two other sentries stand outside of these doors. An officer is also constantly on duty in the outer room, whose duty is to see his prisoner every fifteen minutes. The outer door of all is locked on the outside, and the key is kept exclusively by the general officer of the guard. Two sentries are also stationed without that door; a strong line of sentries cuts off all access to the vicinity of the casemates. Another line is stationed on the top of the parapet overhead, and a third line is posted across the moats on the counterscarp, opposite the places of confinement. The casemates on each side and between these occupied by the prisoners, are used as guard rooms, and soldiers are always there. A lamp is constantly kept burning in each of the rooms. The furniture of each prisoner is a hospital bed, with iron bedstead, chair and table, and a movable stool-closet. A Bible is allowed to each. I have not given orders to have them placed in irons, as General Halleck seemed opposed to it; but General Miles is instructed to have fetters ready if he thinks them necessary. The prisoners are to be supplied with soldier's rations, cooked by the guard. Their linen will be issued to them in the same way. I shall be back to-morrow morning. C. A. DANA.

Before leaving Fortress Monroe on the 22d, I made out for General Miles the order printed in facsimile on page 387. This order was General Miles's authority for placing fetters upon Davis a day or two later, when he found it necessary to change the inner doors of the casemate, which were light wooden ones, without locks. While these doors were changed for grated ones, anklets were placed on Davis; they did not prevent his walking, but did prevent any attempt to jump past the guard and from running. As soon as the doors were changed (it required three days, I believe), the anklets were removed. I believe that every care was taken during Mr. Davis's imprisonment to remove cause for complaint. Medical officers were directed to superintend his meals and give him everything that would excite his appetite. As it was complained that his quarters in the casemate were unhealthy and disagreeable, he was, after a few weeks, transferred to Carroll Hall, a building still occupied by officers and soldiers. That Davis's health was not ruined by his imprisonment at Fortress Monroe is proved by the fact that he came out of the prison in better condition than he went in and that he lived for twenty years afterwards and finally died of old age.

THE REVIEW OF MAY 23D AND 24TH.

I hurried back to Washington from Fortress Monroe to be present at the grand review of the armies of the Potomac and Tennessee which had been arranged for May 23d and 24th. I reached the city early in the morning. The streets were all alive with detachments of soldiers marching toward Capitol Hill, for it was there that the parade was to start. Thousands of visitors were also to be seen. May 23d was given up to the review of the Army of the Potomac, and by 9 o'clock General Meade and his staff, at the head of the army, started from the Capitol. Soon after, I joined the company on the reviewing officers' stand, which was placed in front of the White House, in just the same position in which the reviewing stand is now placed on inauguration days. President Johnson occupied a central position on the platform. Upon his right, a seat was retained for the commander of the corps under review. As soon as the corps commander with his staff had passed the grand stand at the head of his troops, he rode into the grounds of the White House, dismounted, and came to take his position at the right of Mr. Johnson, while his troops

continued their march. As soon as all his men had passed, he gave up his place to the commander of the next corps in the column, and so on. Next to the corps commanders were seated Secretary Stanton and Lieutenant-General Grant. On the left of the President was the Postmaster-General, Dennison, and, on the first day of the parade, while the Army of the Potomac passed, Major-General Meade, and, on the second day, while the Army of the Tennessee passed, Major-General Sherman. The other members of the cabinet, many army officers, the assistant secretaries in the different departments, and a number of guests invited by the President and the Secretaries were grouped around these central personages.

On the 24th, when Sherman's army was reviewed, I sat directly behind Mr. Stanton at the moment when General Sherman, after having passed the grand stand at the head of his army and dismounted, came on to the stand to take his position and review his soldiers. As he had to pass immediately in front of Secretary Stanton, in order to reach the place assigned for him on the President's right, I could see him perfectly. I watched both men closely, for the difficulty between Stanton and Sherman was at that moment known to everybody.

The terms upon which Sherman had in April accepted the surrender of General Joseph E. Johnston's army in North Carolina went beyond the authority of a military commander and touched upon political issues. It is true that these terms were made conditional upon the approval of the Government; nevertheless Mr. Stanton was deeply indignant at the General for meddling with matters beyond his jurisdiction. No doubt his indignation was intensified by his dislike of Sherman. The two men were antagonistic by nature. Sherman was an effervescent, mercurial, expansive man, springing abruptly to an idea, expressing himself enthusiastically on every subject, and often without reflection. Stanton could not accommodate himself to this temperament. When the memorandum of the agreement between Johnston and Sherman reached Stanton, he sent Grant to the General in hot haste, and then published in the newspapers, which need not have known anything of the affair, a full account of the unwise compact and an indignant repudiation of it by the Government.

Naturally this brought down a furious attack upon Sherman. All his past services were forgotten for a time, and he was even called a "traitor." The public quickly saw the injustice of this attitude; so did most of the men in the Government, and they hastened to appease Sherman, who was violently incensed over what he called Stanton's insult. I think he never forgave the Secretary. When, on May 19th, he reached Washington with his army, which he had marched northward across the battlefields of Virginia, he refused to have anything to do with Stanton, although Grant tried his best to bring about a reconciliation, and the President and several members of the cabinet showed him every attention.

I was of course curious to see what General Sherman would do in passing before Mr. Stanton to take his place on the stand. The General says in his "Memoirs" that as he passed Stanton offered his hand and that he refused to take it. He is entirely mistaken. I was watching narrowly. The Secretary made no motion to offer his hand, or to exchange salutations in any manner, and as the General passed gave him merely a slight forward motion of his head, equivalent perhaps to a quarter of a bow.

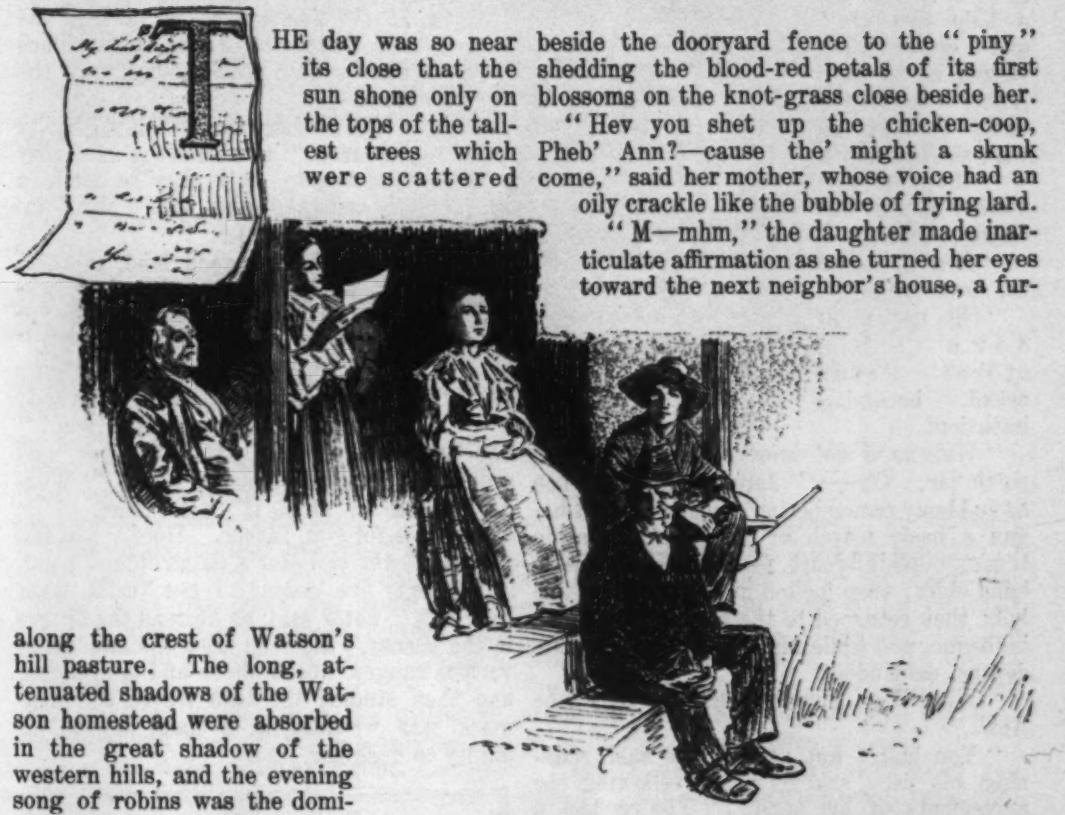
All the time that the trial for the conspiracy to murder the President was going on, Mr. Stanton was putting all his energies into returning his department to a peace footing. The war was practically over with the surrender of Lee, and almost immediately preparations were made to scatter the vast armament and to bring affairs back to a normal condition. In this readjustment it fell to me to examine the condition of the railroads which we had seized and used in the prosecution of the war and to recommend what was to be done with them. The Department decided upon a somewhat more liberal policy than I at the time thought justifiable. The roads and bridges were returned to the companies practically in the same condition in which they were at the time they were seized. It was believed that this generosity would react favorably upon the revenue and credit of the nation, and there is no doubt that it did.

In May I had been persuaded to accept the editorship of a new paper to be founded in Chicago, the "Republican." I arranged to stay in Washington until Mr. Stanton could conveniently spare me. This was not until the first of July. On the first day of the month I sent in my resignation, and a few days later I left the capital to assume the editorship of the "Republican."

THE END.

A Letter from the 'Hio

BY ROWLAND E. ROBINSON



THE day was so near its close that the sun shone only on the tops of the tallest trees which were scattered along the crest of Watson's hill pasture. The long, attenuated shadows of the Watson homestead were absorbed in the great shadow of the western hills, and the evening song of robins was the dominant sound.

The labors of the day were ended, and the Watsons were out on the front stoop, in restful enjoyment of the "cool o' the even-in'." Uncle Peter and Aunt Charity, elderly, toil-worn people, were slumped into their respective splint-bottomed arm-chairs as if they had been dropped there to be picked up again when needed for further use. Peter pulled gently at his clay pipe, and as gently blew the smoke from his lips; but Charity had not even the knitting which was the usual accompaniment of her leisure moments, and sat with palms upturned upon the arm of her chair, gazing absently over the darkening landscape.

Phebe Ann, a maiden on the verge of being classed as old, though not yet prim nor faded, seated herself on the step, and having pinioned an escaping wisp of her abundant hair with a high horn back comb, rested her elbows on her knees, her cheeks upon her open palms, and let her keen glances wander from the "laylocks" going out of bloom beside the dooryard fence to the "piny" shedding the blood-red petals of its first blossoms on the knot-grass close beside her.

"Hev you shet up the chicken-coop, Pheb' Ann?—cause the' might a skunk come," said her mother, whose voice had an oily crackle like the bubble of frying lard.

"M—mhm," the daughter made inarticulate affirmation as she turned her eyes toward the next neighbor's house, a furlong away, and silently wondered what Perkinses folks were all outdoors for. Looking down the road in the opposite direction, she descried a figure which further excited her interest. It was a tall man, who was advancing at a pace which could not be called brisk, though his long legs carried him over the ground at a rapid rate. Mrs. Watson adjusted her spectacles, and looked above the rims.

"Law sakes!" she exclaimed after careful scrutiny. "'Tain't nob'dy but Jer'd Waite. I see him goin' long down tow-ards the store, jest arter milkin'."

Phebe Ann smoothed her hair and arranged her skirts more decorously as Jared turned in at the little gate, having the air of bearing news of some sort.

"Evenin'," he said, returning the general salutation as it was given and seating himself at the farther end of the step from Phebe Ann. There was an expectant pause, but Jared did not seem disposed to break it, and Peter asked with neighborly interest:

"Got y' spring's work 'bout done, Jer'd?"

"Wal, gittin' so's 't we c'n see a hole through," and conversation lagged again until Aunt Charity's voice bubbled up with the question:

"How's ye' mother stan' it this spring, Jer'd?"

"Wal, 'bout so," was the reply.

"Git any news down to the store?" Peter asked, becoming impatient.

"Git any news down to the store?"

"Wal, no, I do' know's the' is, nothin' pa'tic'lar. Oh——" Jared made a pretence of suddenly remembering something, and began a hasty search of his pockets, inside breast, outside breast, right-hand skirt, left-hand skirt; then looked in the crown of his hat; then returned to the pocket with which he began, and while his left hand dwelt in its depths, demanded:

"What'll ye give me for a letter, Phebe Ann?"

"You hain't got none," she said, scanning his face sharply after following the movements of his hand. "You're jest a foolin'."

"S'posin' when I was down t' the pos'-toffice, which I was," he asked, smiling blandly upon her, "Day, he says to me, 'The's a letter for Watson's folks, 'f you'd just's lives as not kerry it up to 'em as you go 'long'—an' s'posin' he gin it to me, what 'd you gi' me for it?"

"Now, Jer'd Waite, you gi' me that letter right stret off," and Phebe Ann slid herself quickly along the step and snatched at Jared's pocketed hand. But he evaded her, unfolding his long legs and springing upright with surprising agility.

"Thought you said I hadn't got none?" He drew a letter from his pocket, and held it at arm's length above her head, and looking up at it, "Wal, I swan! 'Tain't yourn, arter all said and done. It's for your mother," and he handed it to Aunt Charity.

"You hateful thing!" cried Phebe Ann, turning away from him.

Presently, overcome by curiosity, she went up the steps and leaned over her mother, who was slowly spelling out the superscription. This was scrawled over so much of the face of the letter that the postmaster had found only room enough to write the price of the postage in one corner, and had written the name of the office and the date upon one corner of the back.

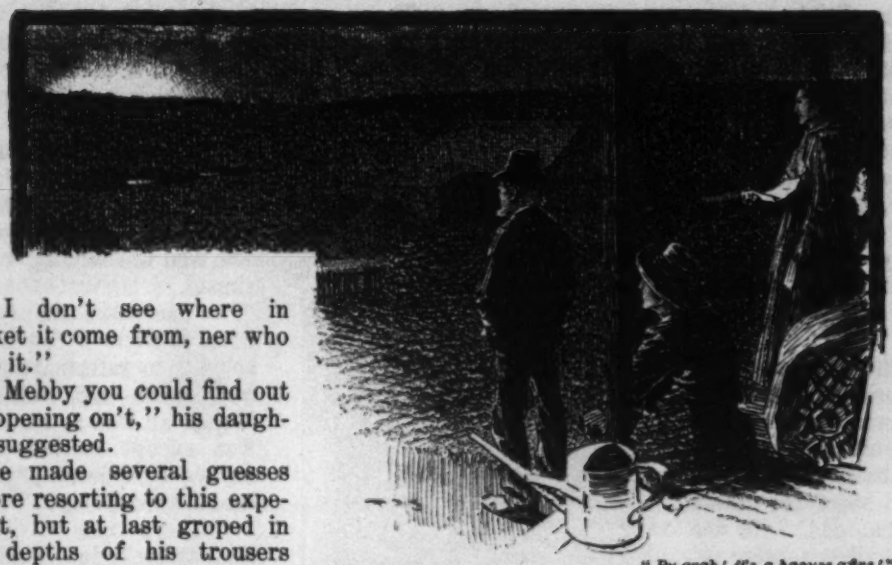
"Wal, I say for it," Aunt Charity declared, "I du b'lieve it's for your father, on'y they've made a mistake and writ 'Mrs.' insteaddy 'Mr.'"

"Why, good land, mother, that's the way they do nower days—put the man's name for the woman's, if she's married."

"Wal, I say for't. That's a great idee. Haow's anybody goin' to know who's who?" She turned the letter over and over, and scanned it from all points of view. "Wonder where on airth it came from. I du b'lieve it's for you, father. Here," and she passed it over to Peter's outstretched hand.

"Twenty-five cents! I bet 'taint wuth half on't," Peter said, as he read the figures in the corner. He then tried the address at various ranges, upside down and set on end, and then studied the back where the postmark was written, in a hand beyond his ability to decipher.

"The labors of the day were ended."



"By grab! it's a haouse afire!"

"I don't see where in tunket it come from, ner who writ it."

"Mebby you could find out by opening on't," his daughter suggested.

He made several guesses before resorting to this expedient, but at last groped in the depths of his trousers pocket and drew his jackknife therefrom, which he opened, and began the delicate operation of unsealing the letter.

"There's the marks o' somebody's thimble on the wafer, anyhow," he declared.

"Ta' care you don't cut none o' the writin'," Phebe Ann cautioned, and his wife advised, "You'd better let Pheb' Ann take her scissors."

He persisted in the use of the masculine implement and method till he succeeded in severing the wafer without serious damage to the paper and its contents.

The unusual stir upon the Watson porch had not escaped the notice of the Perkinses, and they now came over to learn its cause, little Mrs. Perkins leading the way with sprightly steps and masking the purpose of the visit with the "em'tin's" pitcher. Her daughter, not far behind, pretended a search for four-leaved clover, while the male head of the household followed more ponderously in a transparent pretence of being in no haste.

"Come right up, Mis' Perkins." Aunt Charity's voice bubbled hospitably in spite of her interest in the letter. "Pheb' Ann, fetch a chair for Mis' Perkins an' Alviry."

Both protested they could not stop a minute, but took the proffered seats, and turned inquiring eyes upon Peter as he clumsily unfolded the letter. Lot Perkins declined a higher seat than the step, to which he carefully lowered his bulky frame, and as he glanced furtively at Peter, excused his coming by saying that he "follered the craowd, jes' tu keep th' women folks straight."

"Ye see, Jer'd he fetched us up a letter," Aunt Charity explained, "an' we can't make aout who it come from ner scacely who it's fer; but it 'pears to be fer father, an' so I s'pect it's f'm some o' his relations daown in Connect'cut, erless it's f'm his brother 'Lias er some o' his folks over in the St. Lawrence country. It's quite a spell sence we heard from 'em, but the' hain't no gr'et hands to write, none on 'em."

"Like's not you'll find aout when you read it," Mrs. Perkins suggested, hopefully.

"That's jest what we're gittin' round to do as fast as we can," Aunt Charity said exultantly; "but father he hain't much used to readin' writin'."

"Oh, I should luf tu hear from 'Lias's wife," said Mrs. Perkins, fervently.

"Wal, I snum!" Peter ejaculated, after intent study of the first words of the epistle. "'Tain't writ to me, say what ye will, erless it's got to be the fashion to call a man 'aunt.' Jes's much sense in that as a-callin' you 'Mis' Peter.' Anyway it begins, 'My dear aunt.'"

"Wal, now, I never," Aunt Charity exclaimed, in fresh surprise. "Then it's f'm some o' brother Isaac's children, aout West. Now, I be glad."

"I wisht it was f'm 'Lias's wife," sighed Mrs. Perkins. "I do' know when I've heard f'm 'Lias's wife. We use ter set the world by one 'nother when we was gals."

"Pheb' Ann, you take a holt an' read it out 'loud, won't ye?" Aunt Charity bubbled unctuously, and her daughter, taking the letter from her father, stooped toward

the fading light, and began reading slowly, interrupting herself with frequent comments and inquiries, and as often interrupted by one and another of the audience.

"'Buckeye, O.' Wonder what they want to stop and say 'O' for?"

"Why, goodness' sakes, that stands for the 'Hio, don't you see?" Mrs. Perkins exclaimed.

"Why, yes, so it does," Phebe Ann admitted frankly. "What a gump I be! 'Buckeye, O-hio.'"

"Buckeye, Buckeye!" Mrs. Perkins questioned her memory, and out of it presently answered, "Why, that's where Orson Holcomb went to. Now hain't that odd! He use ter be turrible 'tentive tu' Lias's wife when she was a gal, an' I use ter hector her about him, an' I guess she r'aly did more'n like him, but 'Lias cut him out. I wonder 'f it says anything about him."

"'My dear aunt,'" Phebe Ann resumed. "I wonder which one on 'em writ it. Le's see," and she searched for the writer's name at the end of the sheet. "Susan," she announced. "Susan Ward, wal she hain't got merried yit, anyway," the maiden declared with considerable satisfaction.

"Yes, Susan, she's the third gal," said her mother. "Harri't's the oldest, then Lowizy an' Susan an' Jane Ann; that's four, hain't it?" and she went over her pudgy fingers to make sure of the number.

"Dumb it! What odds does it make?" Uncle Peter demanded impatiently.

"Yis, four gals," Aunt Charity repeated, placidly. "Nat'rally Susan wrote, hevin' the most time an' hevin' ben to school most."

"I don't seem to remember Jane Ann," said Mrs. Perkins.

"She was a baby when they went to the 'Hio. My, how I did feel for Marier a-goin' that journey an' that child a-teethin'!"

"Mm-m," Mrs. Perkins moaned, sympathetically.

"Uncle Peter's scant breath was nearly spent."

"They was six weeks a-goin', an' it was a good three mont's afore we heerd they'd got there," Aunt Charity continued.

"What's the date o' this 'ere letter?" inquired Lot Perkins with interest.

"May the six'h," responded the reader. "I fergot tu read it."

"That's come quick. On'y three weeks sence it started," said Lot. Peter uttered a sound of impatience, and the reading continued.

"'I set down this afternoon to write a few lines to you to inform you of our health and welfare. We air all well as we ever was except mother, she enjoys considerable poor health this spring.'"

"There now," Aunt Charity broke in, "I allers tol' Marier she'd ortu commence a takin' picry jest afore spring opens, but she never would, not faithful."

"I do' know 'baout picry," said Mrs. Perkins, with slow impressive wags of her head, "picry's pooty ha'sh. Naow, I should say pepsisiway steeped up in cider or sperits. The' hain't a fall but I hev him go int' the woods an' git me a hull lot o' pepsisiway. It's good for the blood, an' it's good for the stomerk, an' gives ye an appetite t' eat."

"Gosh, yes! More'n a ton on't in the garret," chuckled her husband, boring Jared's ribs with a forefinger.

"Naow, Mr. Perkins," his wife said, reproachfully.

"Wal," he insisted, "you take an' put in a hull mess on't every identical fall, an' never take none out; it 'cumulates, I tell ye."

"You can't say 'at I wouldn't ha' took some this very spring if the'd ben sperits in the haouse an' the cider hadn't all been put in the vinegar baril."

"Dumb yer picry an' things!" Uncle Peter burst out. "Be ye goin' to read that 'ere letter, Pheb' Ann?"

"Yes, why don't ye? We're all a-waitin'," Aunt Charity urged, and Phebe Ann,

having kept her place with her finger while awaiting opportunity, went on: "'this spring, and father which he is troubled some with his asmy——"

"It cost her housewife's soul a pang."

"Why don't he smoke mullein leaves? Take an' dry 'em an' ——" Mrs. Perkins interrupted, but Uncle Peter's chair gave a sharp, ominous squeak, and the reading continued.

"'—And Harret she was married to a man last January.'"

"'Twould ha' ben cur'us if she'd merried a woman," Mr. Perkins interrupted, but the reader did not deign to notice his remark.

"'His name is Mr. Baker, and mother says you know his folks.'"

"Baker, good land, yes!" her mother's comfortable voice bubbled over afresh. "There was Trueman Baker used to live over on the East Ridge; he sol' out to Amos Jones, wa'n't it, father? Yes, I'm pooty sure it was. An' wa'n't Amos' wife a Carpenter f'm over t'other side o' the maountain? Seem's 'ough she was. Anyway, I know when father an' I went to the fun'al—you remember it, don't ye, father? I sh'd think ye might, 'cause you forgot your han'kercher an' stopt to the store an' bought a hul yard o' ginggum for ye a han'kercher, not hemmed ner nothin'. My, wan't I thankful 'at the sermon wan't 'fectin' an' you didn't haf ter haul it out ary oncte 'fore folks. I got that ginggum yet, an' you tew good bendiners to hum. There was a hul mess o' folks there, strangers to us, her relations, I s'pose. It was consumptiern 'at ailed her, though she wan't sick more'n fo' five year 'at we heard on."

"Sho, kinder sudden wa'n't it?" and Lot gave Jared's ribs another poke, but Aunt Charity went on with the Baker history.

"Trueman he went out intu York State, some'eres where the canawl goes, an' I hain't heard nothin' on him this ever so long. Mebby it's some o' his sons. I should think she might ha' wrote more partic'lar. Then there was Bakers up to Starkton, Jed and Ph'leman, cousins o' his'n, and Jed's wife was some related to Amos Jones' wife, I do' know ezackly how, an' Ph'leman he merried a schoolmarm. Why, Mis' Perkins, you know who she was, for I've heered you tell how't you went to her in the flat-ruffed school-haouse."

"My sakes, yes. Mandy Blake. My, wa'n't she cross! I pity the man 'at hed her."

"Wal, they went off West, where I du not know; an' it may be it's some o' them Harri't's merried. An' the' was a fam'ly o' Bakers over to Highfield 'at I didn't know so much about, an' it might be one o' them. I wish't she'd wrote more partic'lar."

"Mebby 'twas Baker in the spelling-book," Mr. Perkins guessed.

"Now, Mr. Perkins," his wife mildly reproved, "you quit a-foolin'."

"Dumb it, I wish't she hadn't merried nob'dy, an' then mebby we might ha' heered suthin' o' some account," Uncle Peter growled, in such a tone that his wife gently suggested: "Like 'nough you'd better go on wi' your readin', Pheb' Ann," and the reading began again.

"So she toiled on up the last steep slope."

"'He's a widower with five children and a good farm. We think Harret has got a good start in life for all waiting some years. Lowi is going to be married in July, and you may hear interesting news of others of the family. Harret says to tell Cousin Pheby Ann she ought to come out West!'"

"The impudence," cried the reader; "jest's if—" but checked herself when no one else appeared to discover cause for indignation, and went on.

"'We have got twenty acres of wheat, which looks nice, and father expects to have as many acres planted to corn——'"

"Gosh, twenty acres o' corn," Mr. Perkins said incredulously.

"'We keep ten cows, and have got a dozen steers fat enough to go now. How many hogs, I do not know, and poultry father says more than he wants.'"

"Hain't that just like the men," said Mrs. Perkins, "allers a-flingin' out suthin' about poultry? But mind ye, when it comes to eatin' of poultry an' aigs—My!"

"I guess you'll hafter light a light 'fore you can read any more," said Aunt Charity, noticing how close her daughter's nose was getting to the sheet of foolscap.

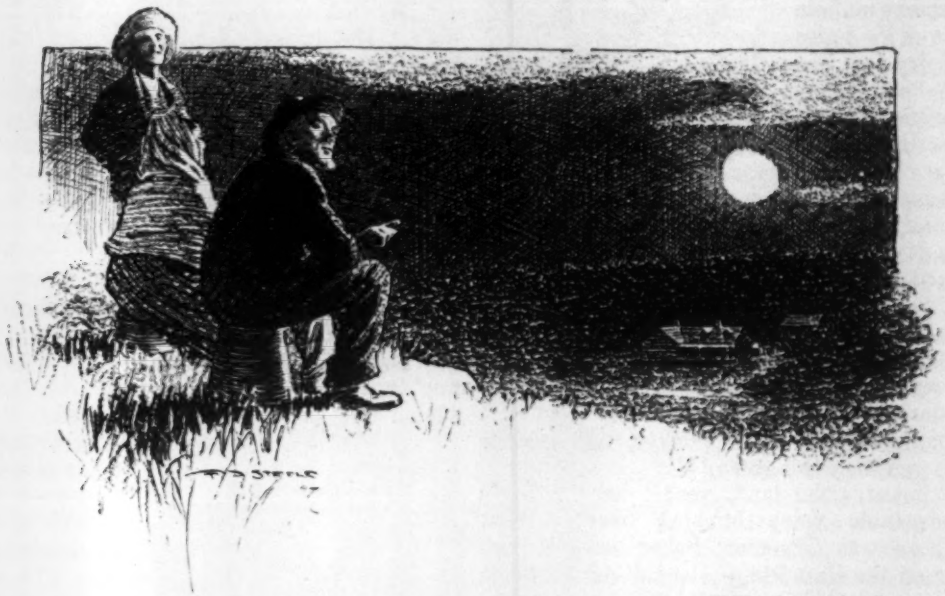
"Gol dumb it," Uncle Peter exclaimed, with increasing profanity, "can't ye gab jest as well wi'out a light?"

"An' by'm by it'll come daylight agin," Lot Perkins remarked cheerfully, and then in surprise as he casually scanned the eastern horizon, "What in time! Why it hain't a comin' yet, is't?"

His tone and suddenly alert attitude drew the attention of all the company, and the gaze of all followed his to a faint illumination of the sky behind the crest of a ridge half a mile away. The lower stars faded in the increasing light. The hill crest grew blacker against it. Lot Perkins, rising with deliberate haste, declared in the drawl that no excitement could greatly quicken:

"By grab! it's a haouse afire! Jest the p'int o' Miller's! Git some pails an' come on, men!"

He took the three steps of the porch at one stride, with another surmounted the commingled skirts of the two matrons, then plunged into the kitchen, and swooped up the water-pails in the sink, and bringing them forth unemptied, handed one to Jared, as he strode beside him toward the gate, which closed behind them with a rebounding clang before the rest of the company were well afoot.



"There's your fire!"

"Jes' 's like 's not it's four mild off," said Uncle Peter, standing unmoved amid the flutter of womankind. "You can't never tell how fur fire is."

"The's the milk pails on the back stoop. I'll fetch ye one, father," and Aunt Charity waddled through the kitchen with a ponderous tread that evoked a responsive clatter from stove utensils and loosely fitting window sashes, and presently returned with a pail so scrupulously clean that it cost her housewifely soul a pang to devote it to such use.

"I don't see what the tarnal haouse had to go an' ketch afire for jest as Pheb' Ann got where it was interestin'," said Uncle Peter, as he permitted the pail to be slipped upon his arm and then took his way down the path behind Phebe Ann and followed by the others, bemoaning the fire and speculating concerning the cause.

"Poor Mis' Miller! An' it just painted, inside an' out, last year," Aunt Charity wailed from the depths of her fat bosom.

"Jest kerlessness, you may depend," declared Mrs. Perkins, when Elvira wondered in a timid voice "if it ketched er was sot."

"Ashes in a berril er a sto' pipe in a chahmber. It mos' allers is."

"I du hope it won't bring on one o' her spells," Aunt Charity panted, as she laboriously climbed the wall beyond the road. "My sakes! Hain't you spry, you an' Alviry? Won't you jest take a holt o' this dipper? Ugh! My laigs be so short. I thought it might come handy to dip up with. There, thank goodness, I be over. An' ef your man an' Jer'd hain't half way up the hill, an' Pheb' Ann most ketched up wi' 'em, an' father, where's he? I du b'lieve he's tumbled int' the brook! Oh, there he is! My sakes' alive, how it gains! It'll be clean burnt aout afore I git where I can see, but you needn't wait for me," she called after the retreating figures with noble unselfishness while her eyes were fixed on the brightening sky.

"I was 'feared you'd got a feller 'way off som'eres."

The toads in the flag-bordered pools of the brook ceased their monotonous chime as the straggling volunteer fire brigade splashed by. Startled birds fluttered from the grass before it. The cows couched on the dry knolls stopped the slow chewing of cuds to stare in wonder at the strange nocturnal invasion till it passed unheeding them, and then, with deep drawn sighs of satisfaction, they resumed their interrupted rumination.

As Lot Perkins and Jared drew near the hill crest, followed closely by Phebe Ann, sound of lungs and strong of limb, there appeared above it a broad point of smokeless flame that grew and broadened as they climbed, growing short of breath at each step of the steep ascent and almost choked by the throbbing of their hearts. When they reached the top, it was observed by those who followed that they stopped and showed no intention of going further. Lot sat down upon his inverted pail, and Jared placed his in a like position for Phebe Ann, and stood near her with arms akimbo.

Uncle Peter's scant breath was so nearly spent that he was glad to sit down and wait for those behind him.

"Wal, I s'pose by their a stoppin' it's all up," Mrs. Perkins sighed as she and Elvira joined him. "I wonder if all the buildin's ketched?"

"I don't s'pose it's no use a goin' no furder," Aunt Charity panted as she came up with them; but with the funereal habit asserting itself in spite of all weariness, added, "Since we're so nigh we might's well go up an' view th' remains."

So they toiled on up the last steep slope, each in silent preparation for the scene of desolation and ruin which awaited them. So they came to the hilltop, and saw on the ridge beyond, embowered in its abundant fruit trees, the unharmed Miller homestead, without so much as a smoke wreath climbing from its ample chimney. Thrice its breadth above it swam the moon a little past its full. Lot Perkins, pointing to it, said laconically: "There's your fire!"

Uncle Peter gazed a moment in speechless disgust, and then burst out briefly, "Dumb the haouse, I wish't it had took afire."

"Wal," said Lot, getting to his feet, "sin' the show's over, I s'pose we might as well go hum the nighest way, you an' I an' Alviry, Mis' Perkins! Now, don't ye fergit whose wife ye be, marm, an' go to lookin' back, 'cause the cows hain't ben salted an' they might eat ye."

Jared and Phebe Ann lingered last, and strolled leisurely far behind the others.

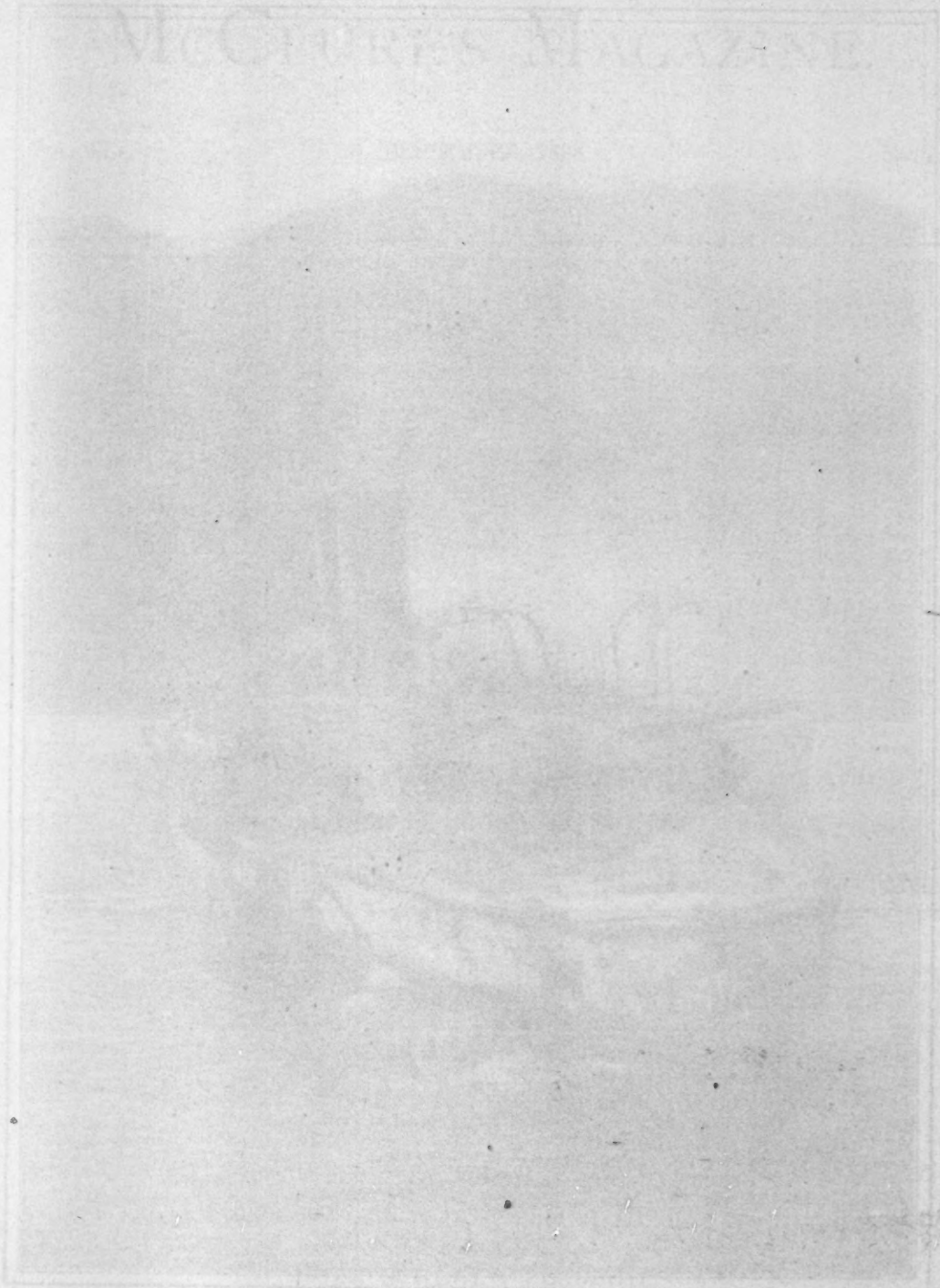
"When I fust got aholt o' that 'ere letter I was 'feared you'd got a feller 'way off some'eres," said Jared, after several attempts to clear his throat.

"Why, Jer'd, what'd you care 'f I had?"

"I du care."

"No, Jer'd, I hain't got no feller, fur ner near."

"Say, Phebe Ann," he said, desperately, "if you ever do wanter git married, you needn't never go to the 'Hio tu. Not if you could stan' it along wi' me."

The love-song of the toads was ringing again, and the insistent, monotonous trill was not broken when Jared and Phebe Ann came slowly to the brookside, whispering infrequent words into each other's hungry ears. Nor did it cease to shake the night air, fragrant with the warm breath of the earth and the faint aroma of the sweet-flag, when she said with a startled voice: "There, Jer'd Waite! I du b'lieve I've gone an' lost that letter for good and all!"

So they went back up the hill, searching the ground, step by step, with the moonlight making one long shadow behind them.